

G.
I.
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FEATURING - 4 PAGES G.I. Joe's Pen Pals

10¢

G.I. Joe

**JUNE
NO. 32**



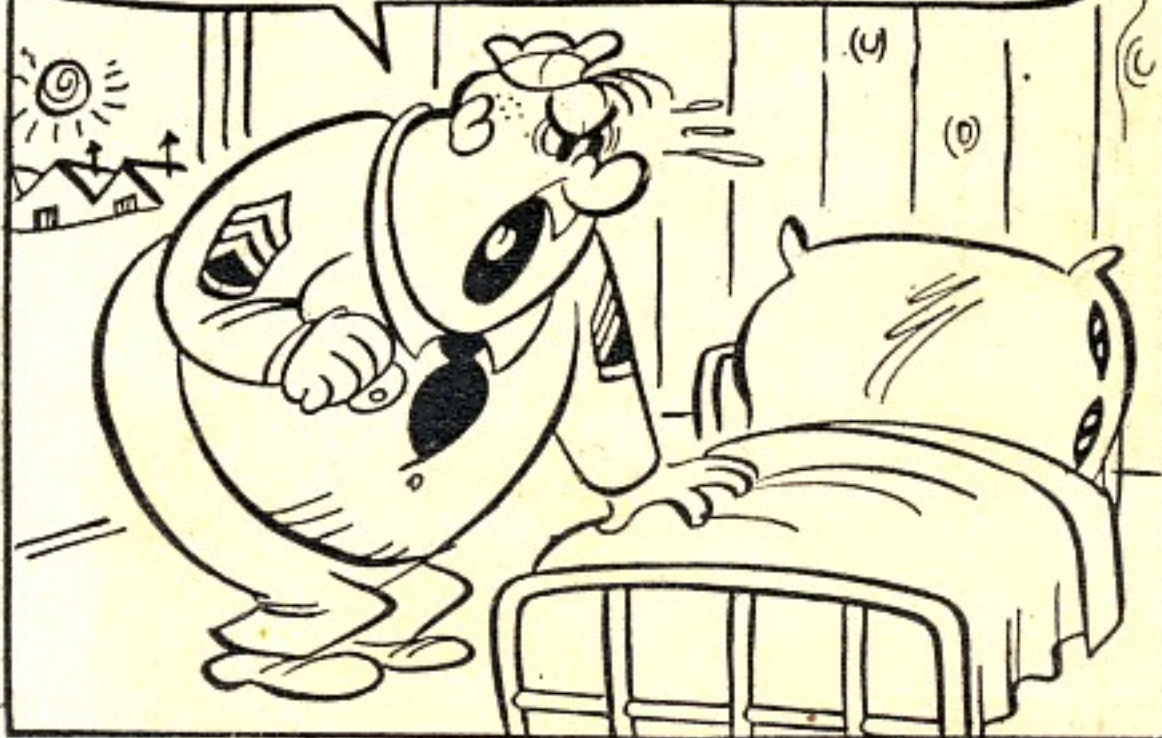
WORLD'S LEADING G. I. Comics Magazine



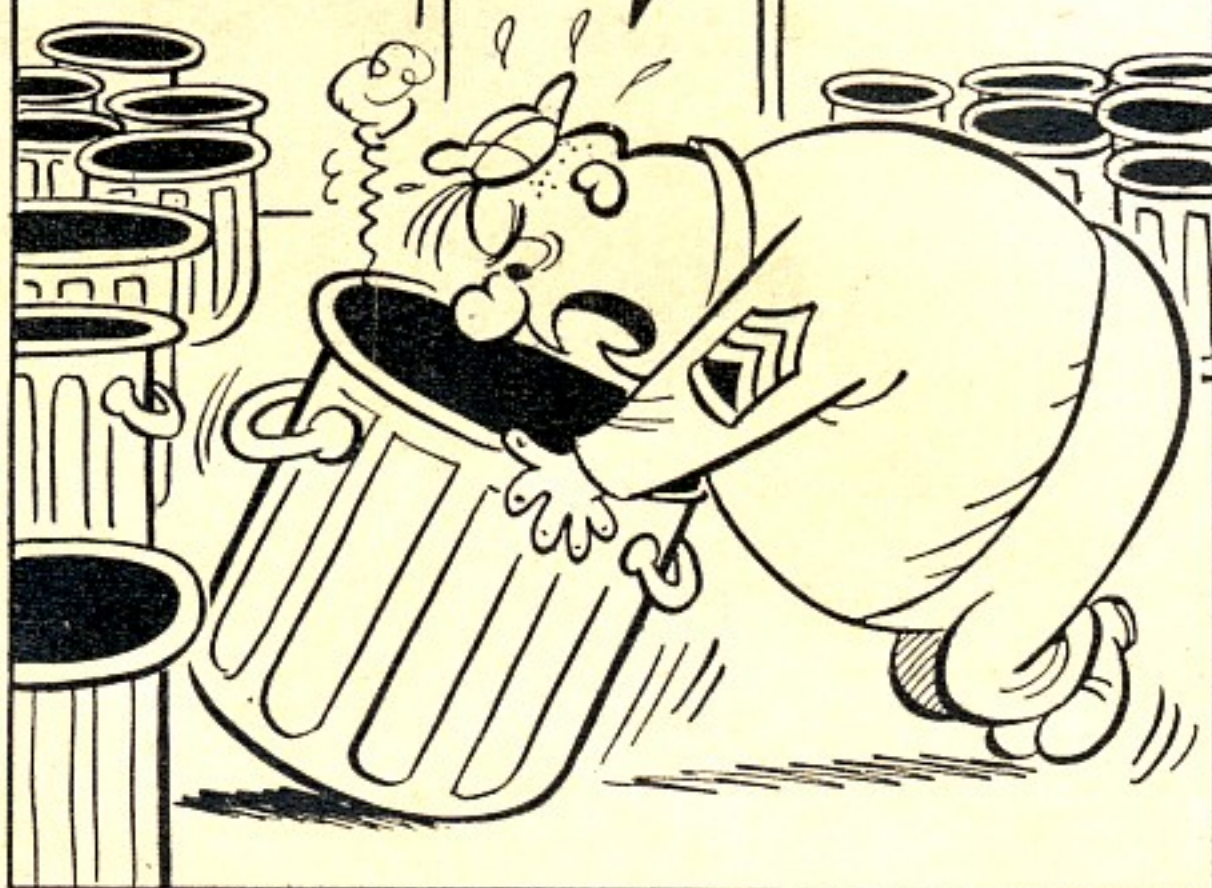
WEB COMIC
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Pvt. DOPEY ⁱⁿ THE SEARCH

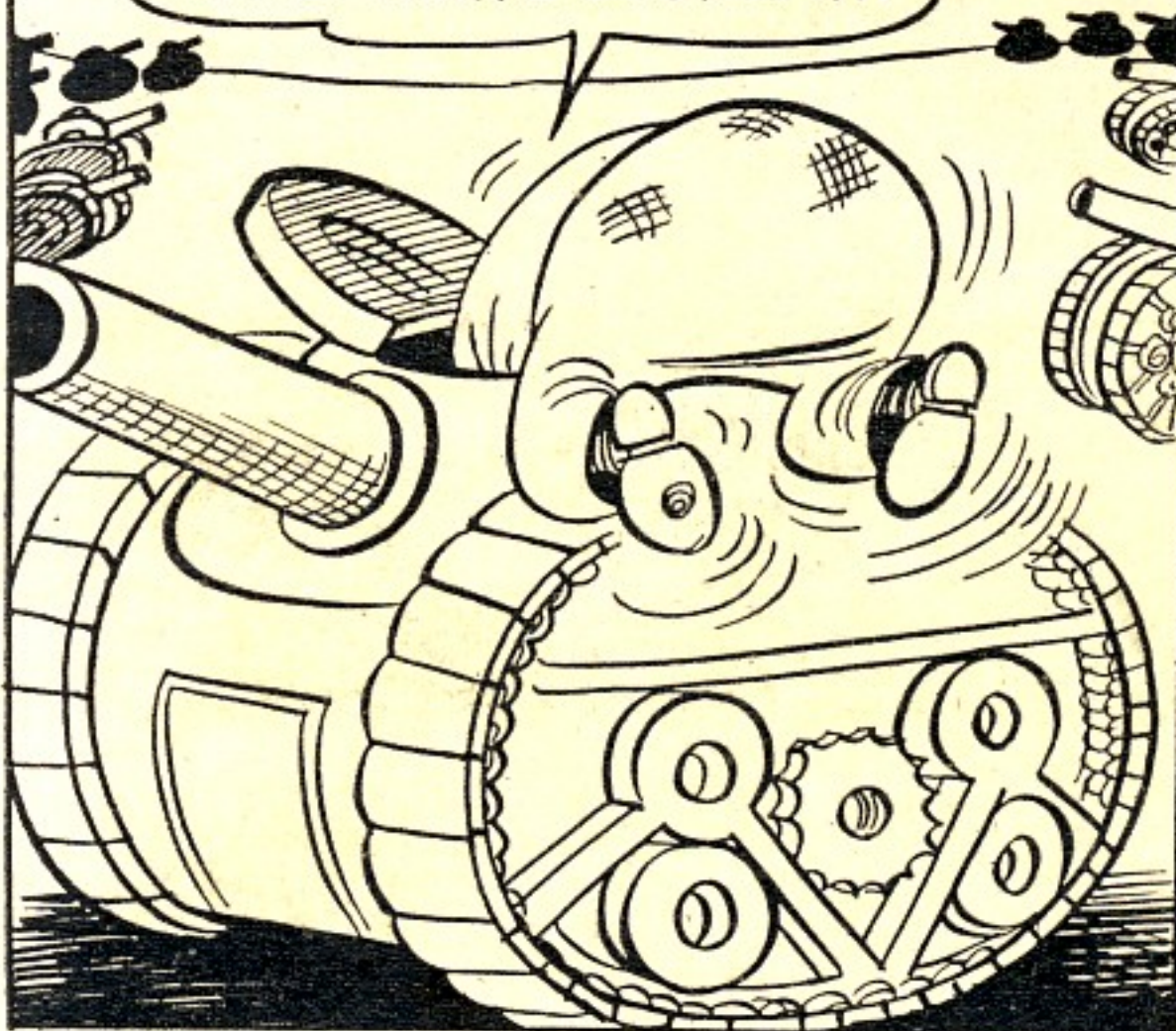
WHAT'S THIS? DOPEY'S NOT IN HIS BED! HE MUST'VE FOUND A NEW PLACE TO DO HIS GOLDBRICKIN'!



NOPE! I'VE LOOKED THROUGH 300 CANS, AND HE'S NOT IN SIGHT!



WHERE CAN HE BE? THIS IS THE 700TH TANK I LOOKED IN!



HE'S NOT IN THE KITCHEN, MESS HALL, REC HALL... WHEW! I'M TIRED...

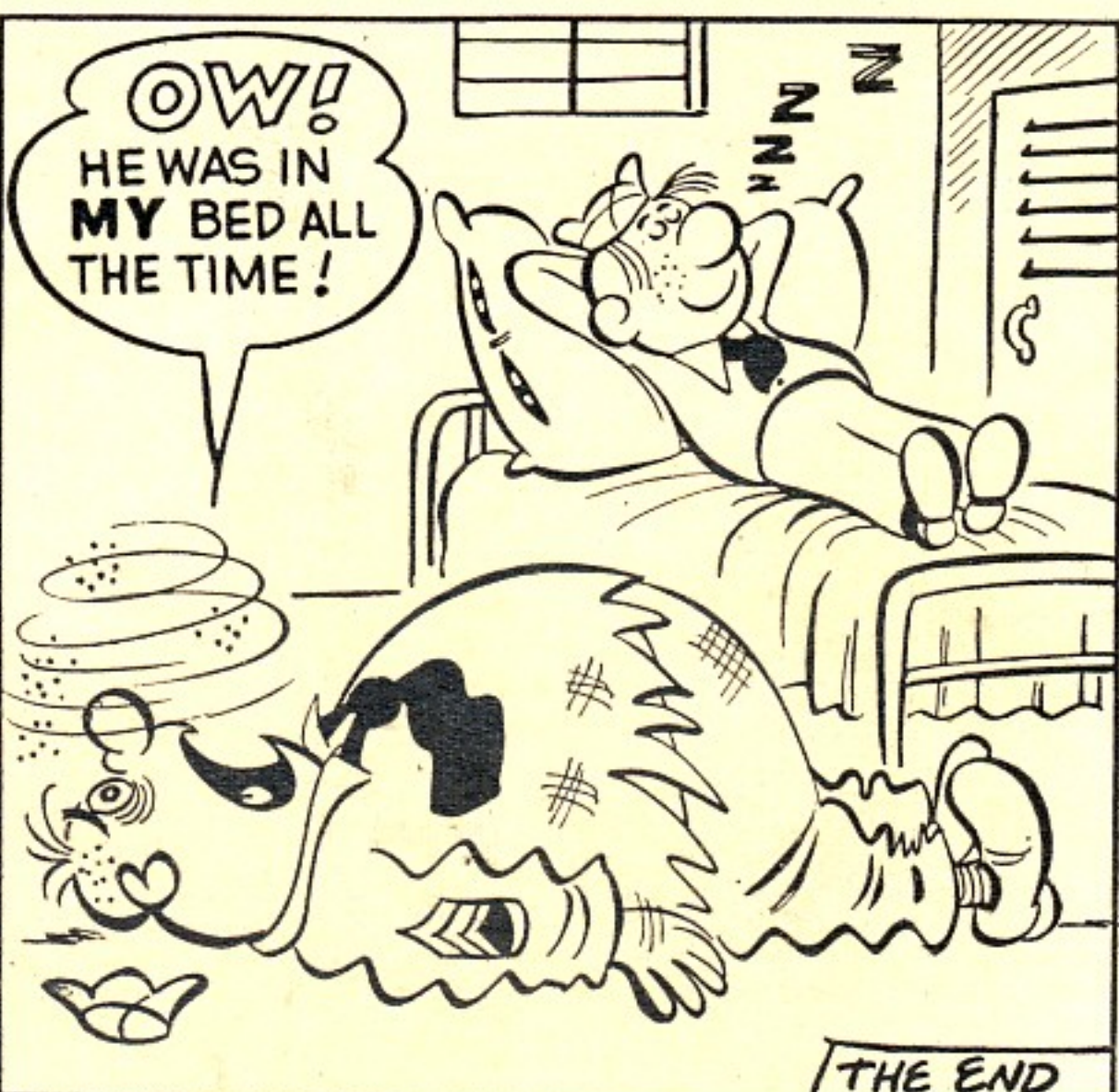


I THINK I'LL GO IN AND GET SOME SLEEP!

SGT. ME TUFF



OW! HE WAS IN MY BED ALL THE TIME!



THE END

Vic MARTIN

G.I. Joe

in

STEP TO THE REAR OF THE BUS

"B" COMPANY FIGURED IT HIT THE JACKPOT WHEN WEEK-END PASSES CAME THROUGH FOR EVERYONE, AND WHEN A LUMBERING SIX-WHEEL DIVIDEND WAS THROWN IN FOR GOOD MEASURE, THE SKY LOOKED LIKE THE LIMIT. BUT SERGEANT MULVANEY AND HIS MEN HAD NO WAY OF KNOWING THAT THE 'LIMIT' WAS TO BE A LOT CLOSER THAN THAT!



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...AN' ON YER LEFT, THE BEE-OOTIFUL PALA-SHUL RESIDENCE OF MARILYN MONROE!

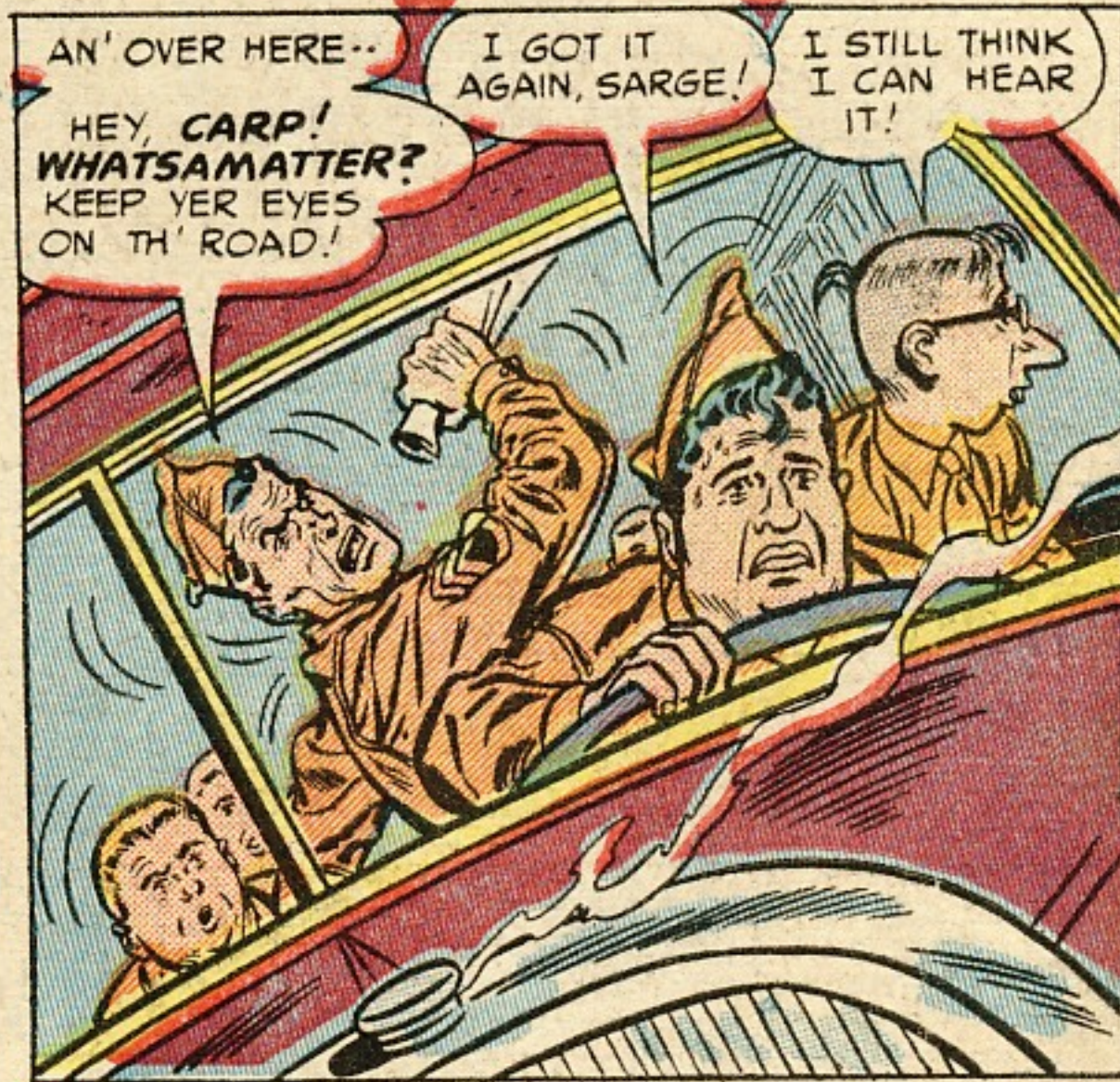
YOU HEAR ANYTHIN' PECULIAR, CARP?

YEAH! AN' IT'S MUSIC TO MY HUNGRY EARS—EVEN IF IT **AIN'T** TRUE!



I DON'T MEAN THE SARGE! I MEAN SOMETHIN' MORE LIKE --

LIKE TH' SWEET TOOTIN' AN' HONKIN' OF MY BELOVED JERSEY CITY! YEAH, UGLY — I CAN HEAR THAT, TOO!



AN' OVER HERE--

HEY, **CARP!** WHATSAMATTER? KEEP YER EYES ON TH' ROAD!

I GOT IT AGAIN, SARGE!

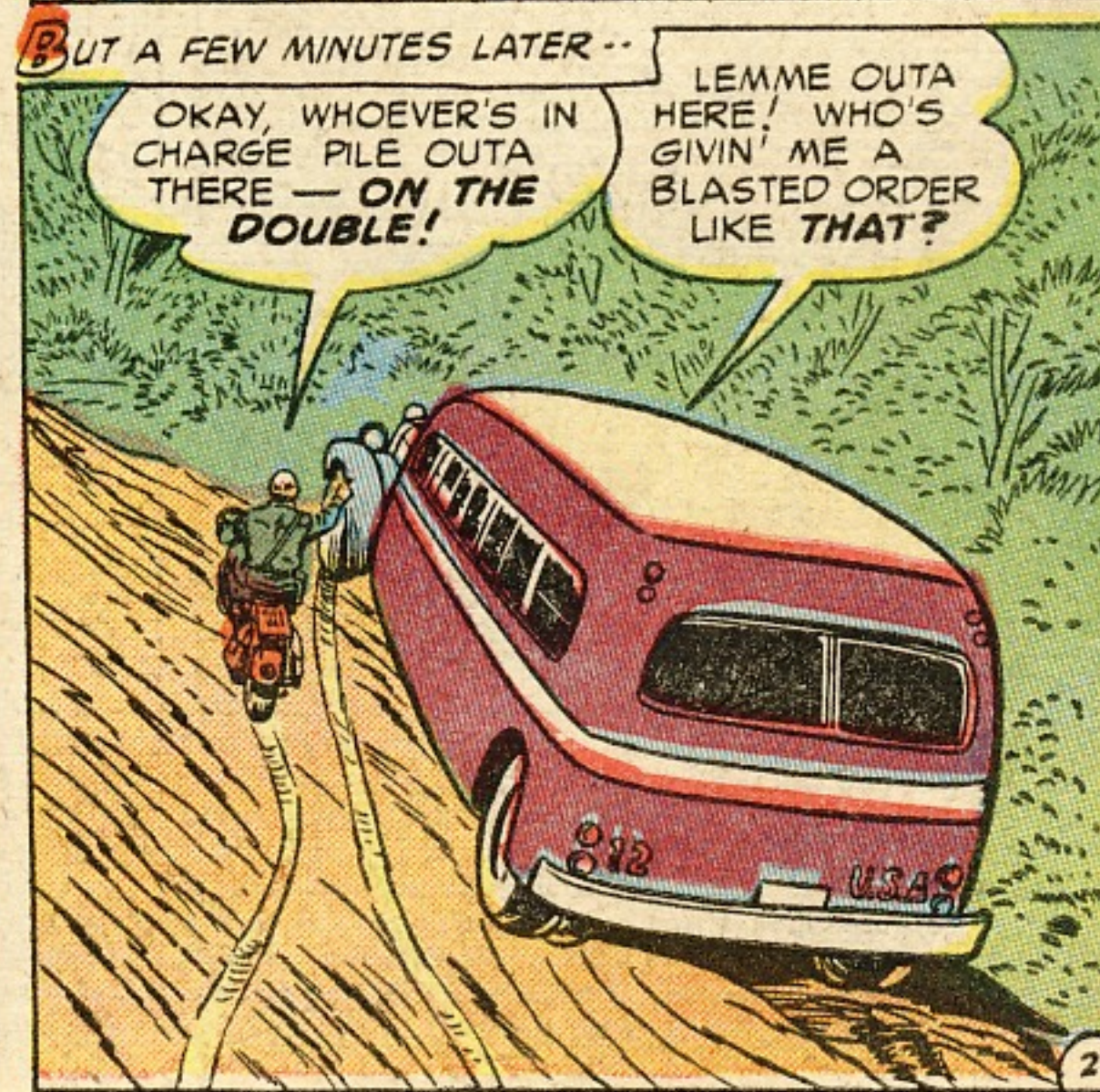
I STILL THINK I CAN HEAR IT!



LIKE I WAS TRYIN' TO SAY, OVER HERE IS TH' --

CARP, **LISTEN**, WILL YA? IT'S A **SIREN!** I THINK WE'RE BEIN' **TAILED!**

SURE! WE'RE GONNA GET ARRESTED FER DOIN' EIGHTEEN MILES AN HOUR!



BUT A FEW MINUTES LATER --

OKAY, WHOEVER'S IN CHARGE PILE OUTA THERE — **ON THE DOUBLE!**

LEMME OUTA HERE! WHO'S GIVIN' ME A BLASTED ORDER LIKE **THAT?**



I'M IN CHARGE HERE, AN' WHAT'S TH' BIG IDEA SHOVIN' US OFF TH' ROAD LIKE THAT? Y'WANNA GET US **KILLED?**

STOKE YER BONFIRE, SARGE! I GOT ORDERS FER YA...



I GOT MY ORDERS, AN' THEY CALL FER A COMPANY PASS! IF YER FIXIN' TO TRY CHANGIN' 'EM ANY--

THEY **BEEN** CHANGED, SARGE! READ 'EM FER YERSELF...



"...AND YOU ARE ORDERED TO PROCEED AT ONCE TO THE VILLAGE OF KO-LOO, PROVINCE OF LING-TAN-HO, AND TRANSPORT ALL WAITING VILLAGERS TO THEIR NEW QUARTERS."

WHAT? TRANSPORT REFUGEES? I'LL BE A--



YOU'LL BE A CORPORAL IF YA DON'T GET GOIN'! SO LONG, SARGE! HAVE A NICE WEEK-END!

HEY, WAIT A MINUTE, YOU...



HOW MANY O' THESE VILLAGERS WE GOTTA TRANSPORT?

I HEARD TH' LIEUTENANT SAY SOMETHIN' LIKE 'FIFTEEN OR SIXTEEN'...

SO LONG, PAL!



FIFTEEN OR SIXTEEN! DO YOU THINK WE CAN GET THAT MANY IN THE BUS, MULVANEY?

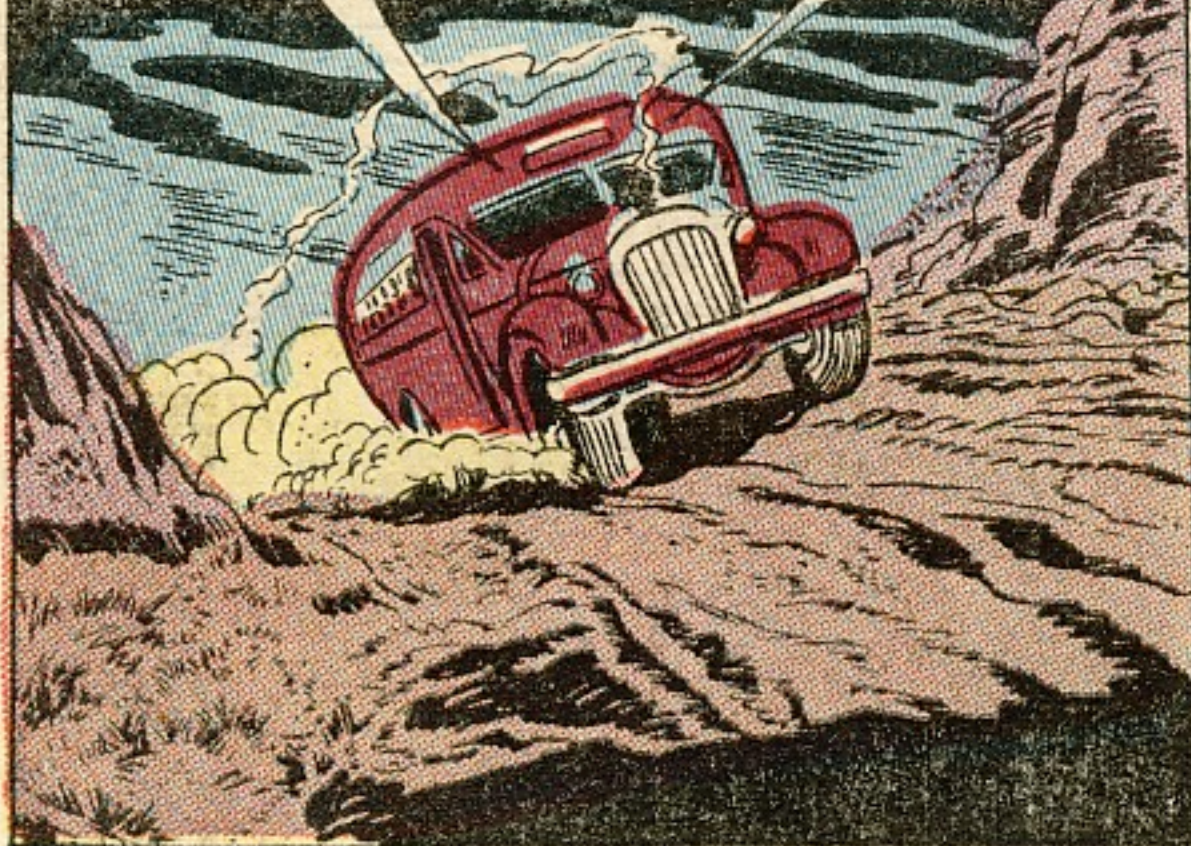
THAT BLASTED MP'S PROBABLY NEEDLIN' US! BET THERE AIN'T MORE'N SIX OR SEVEN!

LATER...

IT'S BEGINNIN' TO
GET DARK, SARGE!
HOW MUCH FURTHER
TO THIS LING-TAN-HO?

I'M TRYIN' T' FIGURE
THIS MAP OUT, CARP.

'BOUT TWENTY MILES,
I GUESS...



BETTER PUT THE
HEADLIGHTS ON,
CARP! I THINK
THAT'S THE
BUTTON OVER
THERE!

TH' NEXT BUTTON I PUSH
IS GONNA BE YOUR NOSE,
UGLY, IF YA DON'T GET
IT OUTA MY EAR!



I'D SURE HATE TO MEET A
BICYCLE ON THIS HERE
ROAD! WE'D NEVER GET **PAST!**

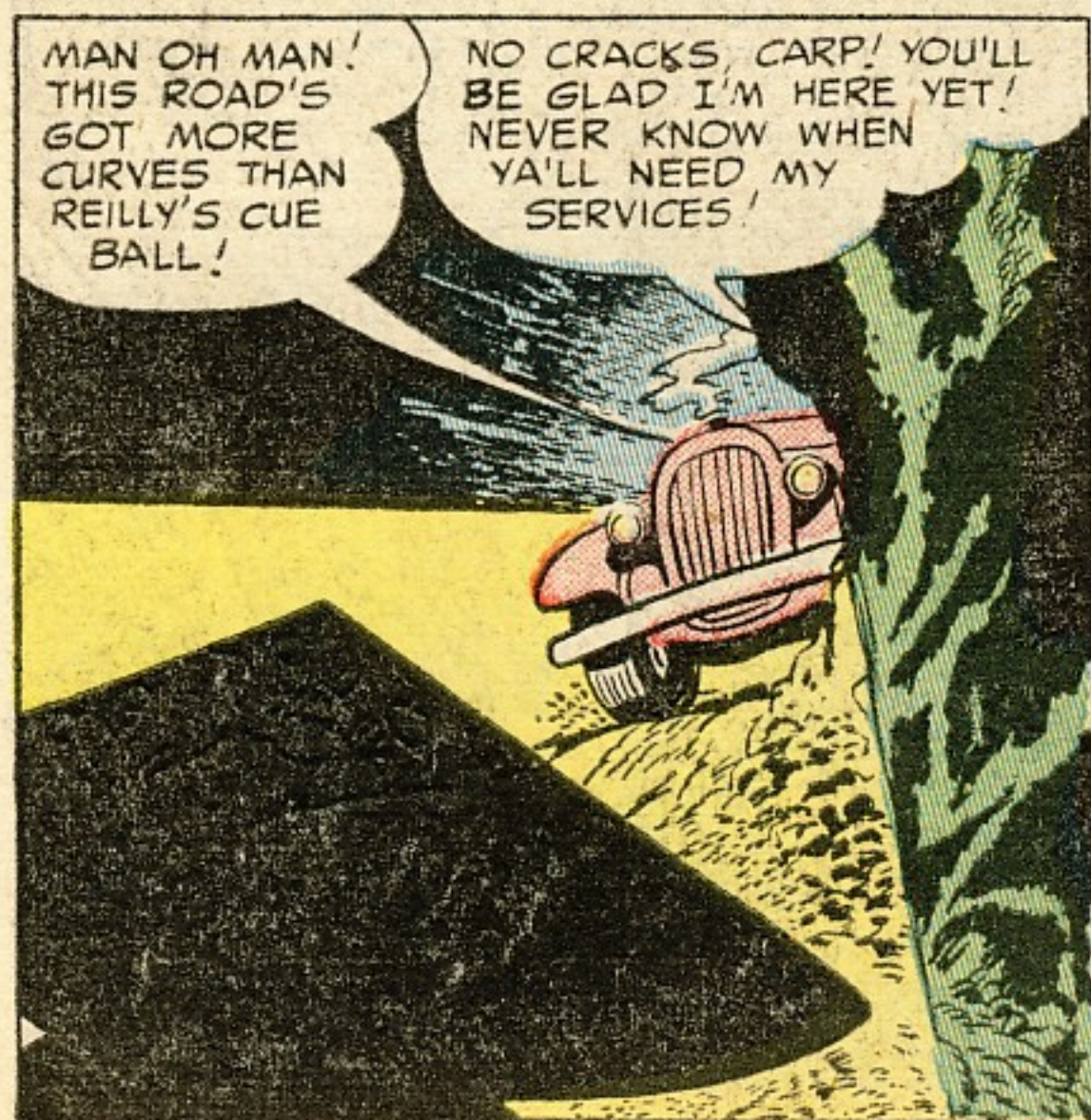
HOW'M I DOIN' OVER
THERE, SARGE?

HUG THAT LEFT
SIDE, CARP! THERE
AIN'T NO BOTTOM
TO WHERE I'M
LOOKIN'!



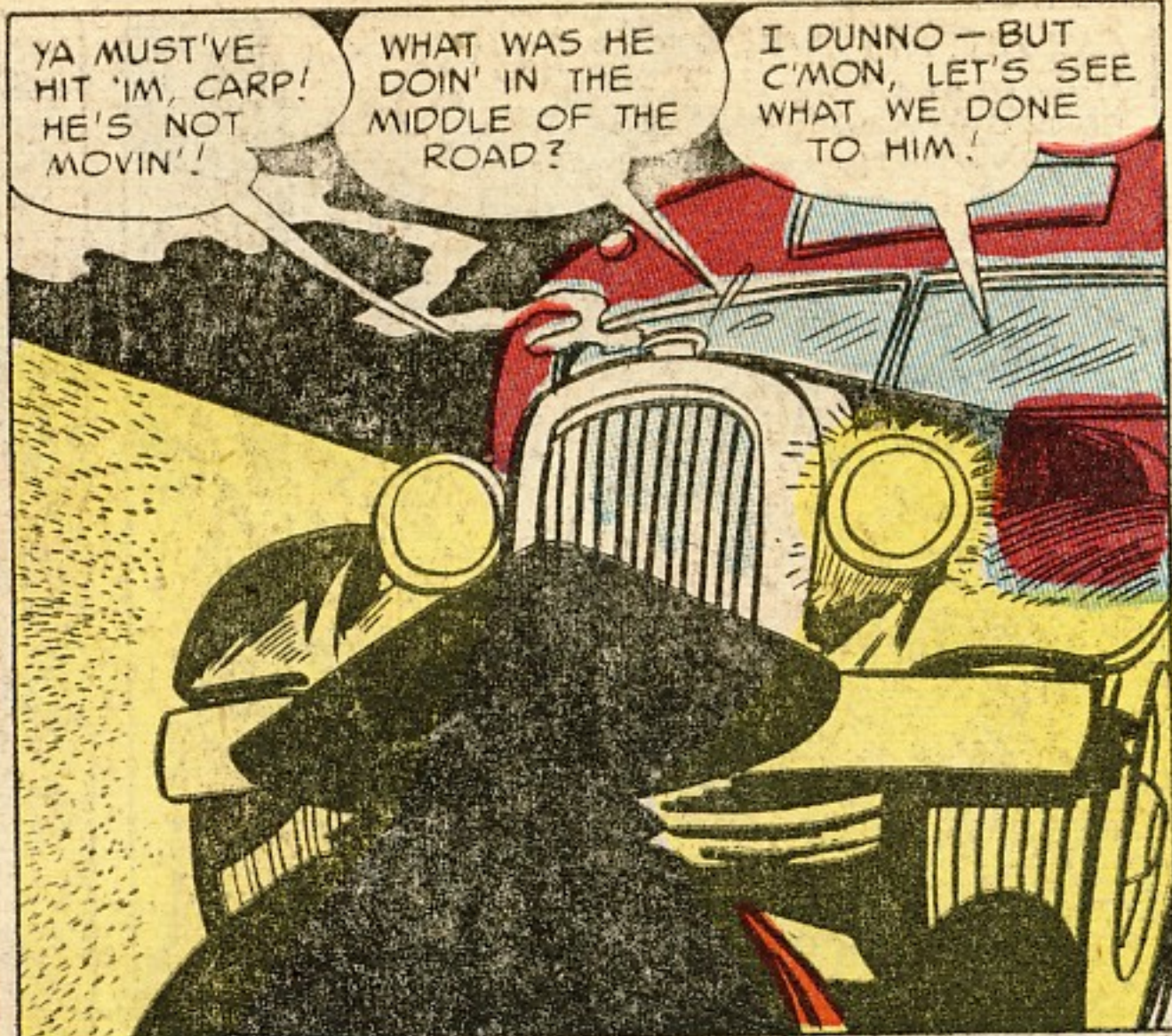
MAN OH MAN!
THIS ROAD'S
GOT MORE
CURVES THAN
REILLY'S CUE
BALL!

NO CRACKS, CARP! YOU'LL
BE GLAD I'M HERE YET!
NEVER KNOW WHEN
YA'LL NEED MY
SERVICES!



CARP - LOOK OUT!
STOP THIS THING!
QUICK!! STOP!!!





YA MUST'VE
HIT 'IM, CARP!
HE'S NOT
MOVIN'!

WHAT WAS HE
DOIN' IN THE
MIDDLE OF THE
ROAD?

I DUNNO — BUT
C'MON, LET'S SEE
WHAT WE DONE
TO HIM!



LOOK — HE'S
BREATHIN'!

SARGE!
L-LOOK!



W-W-W-WE'RE
S-S-SURROUNDED!

SHUT UP, WEEPY!
PROB'LY JUST
CHICKENS OR
SOMETHIN'!



SARGE! THIS MUST
BE LING-TAN-HO!
BOY! THIS IS THE
MOST CROWDED BUS
STOP I EVER SAW!

IT'S A BLASTED **BATTALION**,
THAT'S WHAT IT IS! HOW'RE
WE GONNA MOVE ALL THIS
IN ONE BUS!



AWRIGHT, AWRIGHT...
WHO'S IN CHARGE
HERE? WHO SPEAKS
ENGLISH?

I SPEAK...



WELL, START **TALKIN'**!
ARE YOU TH' PEOPLE
WAITIN' T'BE MOVED?
AN' WHO'S **THAT**
IN THE MIDDLE OF
TH' ROAD?

WE GO NEW HOMES,
YES! AMERICANS
MAKE THEM READY
FOR US!

HE IS WOO TANG!
VERY HONORABLE!...
VERY STUBBORN...



WELL, TELL
'IM HE
CAN'T PARK--
OW!!!

HE NO MOVE! HE
NO GO NEW HOME
AMERICANS MAKE
READY! WOO TANG
MOVE PLENTY
ALREADY, THAT'S
WHAT HE TELL ME!



HE NO GO? WE'LL
SEE ABOUT THAT!

GIMME A
HAND, JOE!



UGH! WHAT'S
HE SITTIN'
IN-CEMENT?

JUST ABOUT AS
GOOD, SARGE!
HE'S GOT HIS
LEGS WRAPPED
AROUND A TREE
STUMP!



WHY, THE OLD
BUZZARD! I'LL--

OKAY--WE'LL
GO 'ROUND
'IM! BACK UP
TH' BUS, CARP!

ARE YOU CRAZY? **YOU** BACK
IT UP--EXCEPT I DON'T
THINK YOU'LL WANT TO, AFTER
YA TAKE A LOOK!



WHY DO THESE
THINGS HAPPEN
TO ME?



SARGE! YOU MEAN SLEEP HERE — IN THE **BUS**?



UNLESS YOU'D RATHER PICK YERSELF A NICE SOFT ROCK! SURE I MEAN IN THE **BUS**!

BUT WHAT ABOUT ALL THESE VILLAGERS?



SO **WHAT** ABOUT 'EM? WE GOTTA **MOVE** 'EM IN THE BUS, SO HERE'S WHERE THEY GET A DRY RUN! I AIN'T LEAVIN' NOBODY OUT TO FREEZE!

OKAY, FOLKS! IN YOU GO — AN' STEP TO TH' REAR! STEP TO TH' REAR FER SLEEPIN'!



WHEN NOAH DID IT, SARGE, HE ONLY TOOK **TWO** OF EVERYTHIN'! YOU SHOOTIN' FOR THE RECORD?

GET IN THERE AN' HELP BED 'EM DOWN, OATIS! TOMORROW, WE **REALLY** GET TH' SHOW ON TH' ROAD!

AND A FEW HOURS LATER...



ZZZ- ZZZ-

CLUCK... CLUCK... CLUCK...

OH, JUST CALL ME "UGLY," MARILYN... ALL THE GUYS DO!

SARGE — DO YOU THINK THE OLD GUY'LL BE ALL RIGHT OUTSIDE?

SOMETHIN' TELLS ME HE'S TH' SMARTEST ONE O' TH' BUNCH, JOE!

OPEN A WINDOW, WILL YA? **QUICK!!!**

THE NEXT MORNING...



WHAT TH'-- OH!
G'MORNIN' OATIS!
Y' SURE NEED A
SHAVE!

I'M OVER
HERE,
SARGE!

OKAY, EVERYBODY -- ON
YER FEET!

YEP! OL' STONE-
FACE IS STILL
SITTIN' THERE!

G'MORNING!

HOW'RE
WE GONNA
MOVE HIM,
SARGE?



GET THAT DAME
WHO SPEAKS
ENGLISH! SHE'LL
HAVE TO HELP!...

AWRIGHT, GRAMPA!
C'MON! WE'RE
GONNA GO NICE
BYE-BYE!

WILL YOU
COME OUT
HERE,
PLEASE?
THAT'S RIGHT...
THE SARGE
NEEDS YOU!



AN HOUR LATER...

IT'S NO USE, SAR-JINT!
WOO TANG VERY
HONORABLE... **VERY**
STUBBORN!

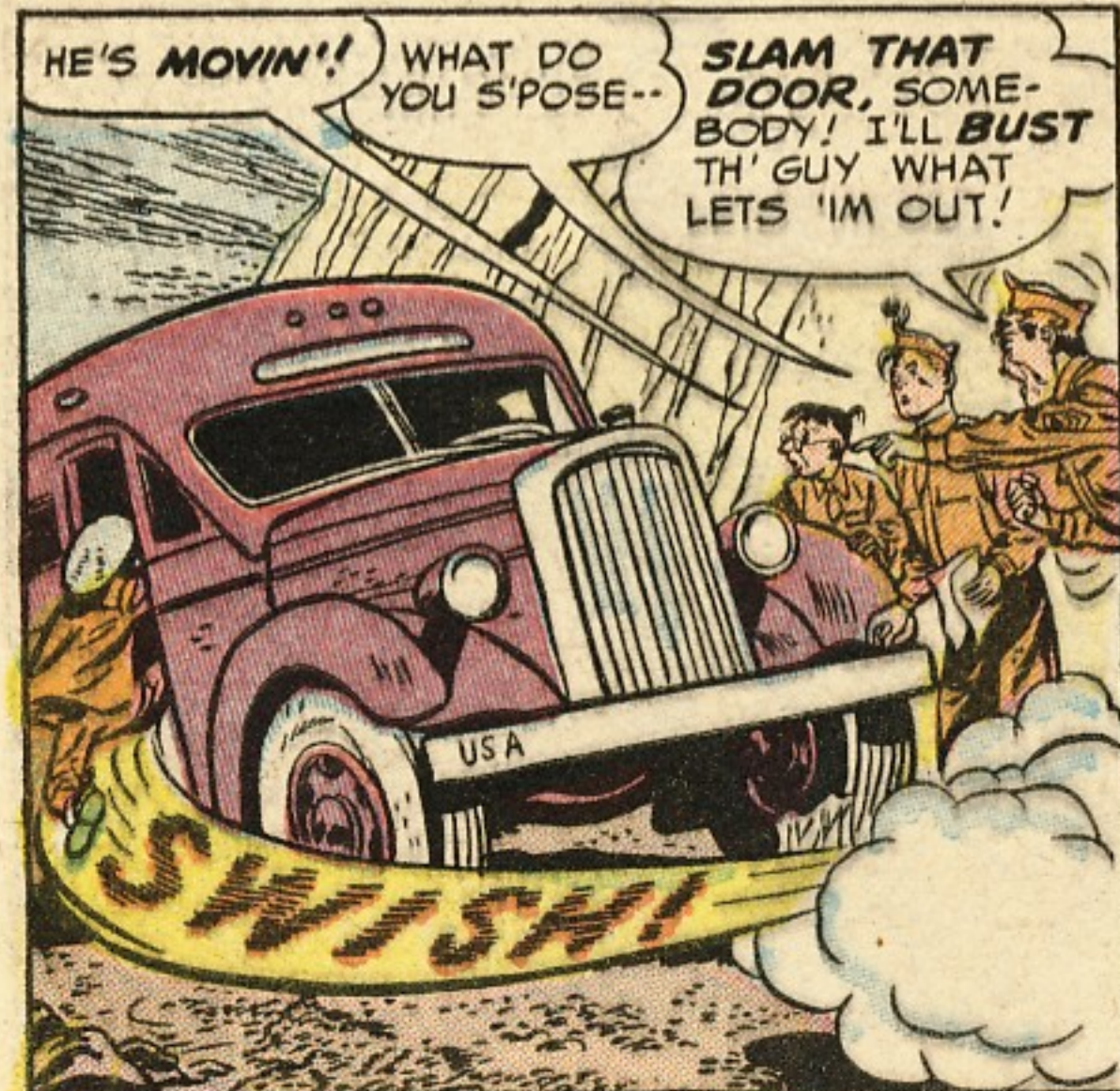
HOW ABOUT **BLASTIN'**
SARGE? REILLY'S
PRETTY GOOD AT
DEMOLITION!



LOOK-- **SAY**
SOMETHIN' TO
'IM, WILL YA?
HE'S GOTTA--

SARGE, THESE
ORDERS SAY
WE GOTTA GET
THESE PEOPLE
TO KUNG-LO, AN'
ACCORDIN' TO
THE MAP!

SARGE --
LOOK!!!



HE'S **MOVIN'**!

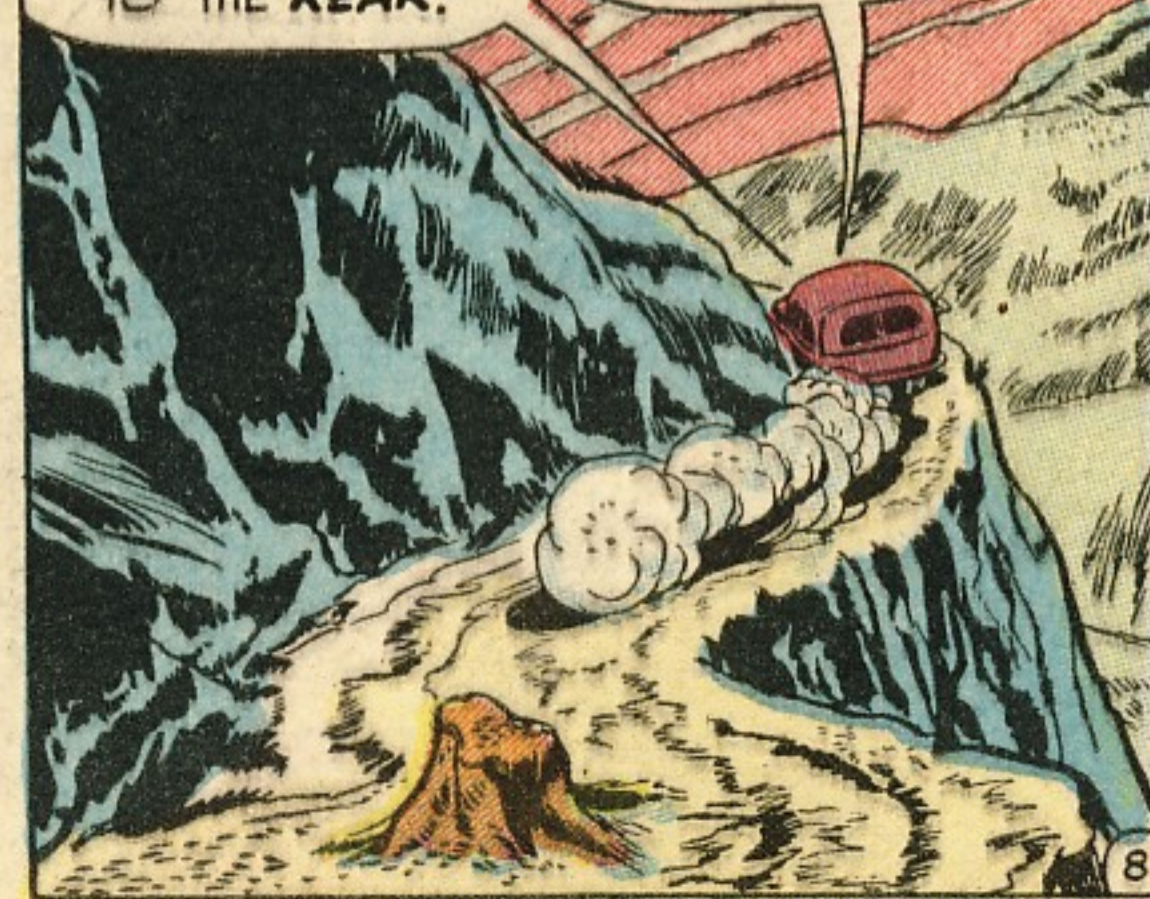
WHAT DO
YOU S'POSE--

SLAM THAT
DOOR, SOME-
BODY! I'LL BUST
TH' GUY WHAT
LETS 'IM OUT!

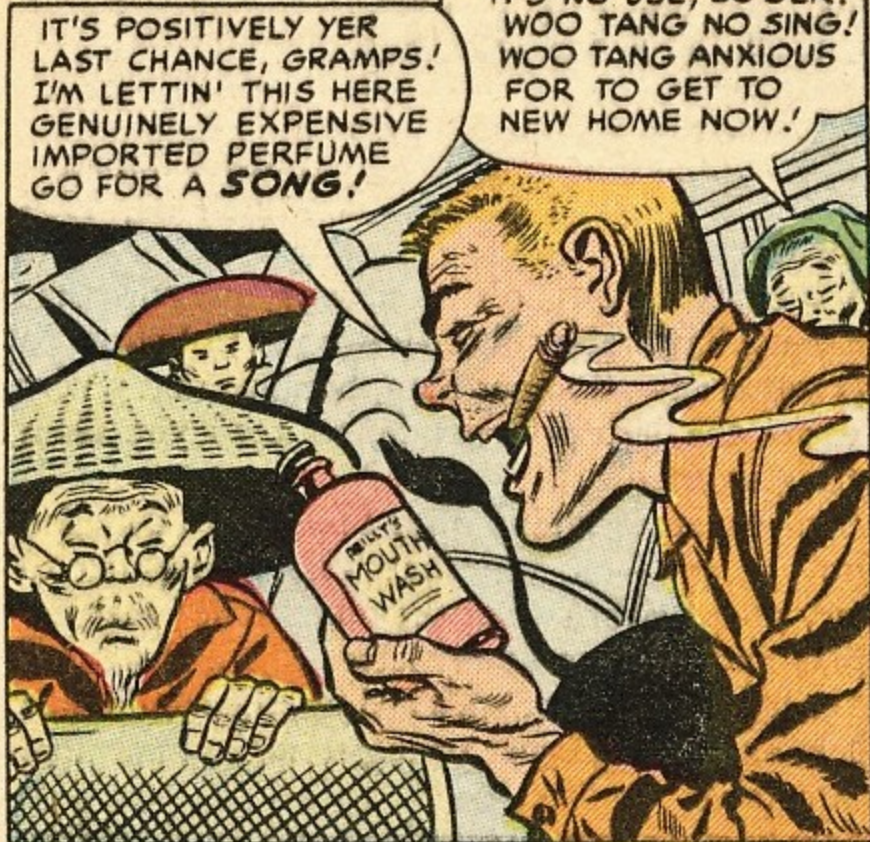
AND IN A MATTER OF MINUTES...

HANG ON, SARGE!
STEP TO THE REAR
OF THE BUS, FOLKS!
TO THE **REAR!**

SHUT UP-- AN'
GET US TO KUNG-
LO BEFORE WE
SMOTHER!



A FEW HOURS LATER...



IT'S POSITIVELY YER LAST CHANCE, GRAMPS! I'M LETTIN' THIS HERE GENUINELY EXPENSIVE IMPORTED PERFUME GO FOR A **SONG!**

IT'S NO USE, SO-JER! WOO TANG NO SING! WOO TANG ANXIOUS FOR TO GET TO NEW HOME NOW!



OH, YEAH? WELL, HOW COME HE STUCK HIMSELF TO THAT TREE STUMP LIKE A WAD O' GUM, IF HE'S SO BLAMED **ANXIOUS?**

WADDO-GUM? WADDO-GUM? I NO UNDER-
STAND...

LOOK, I'M **CLEAN** ALREADY! WASH SOMEBODY **ELSE'S** FACE, WILL YA?



THAR SHE BLOWS, SARGE! BY MY RECKONIN', THAT OUGHTA BE KUNG-LO UP AHEAD!

S'HELP ME, IT **BETTER** BE!

WHACK!



TAKE IT EASY—DON'T SHOVE!

NEW HOMES AWAIT! IS TOO GOOD FOR BELIEVE!



WHERE'S TH' **OLD** BUZZARD? I DIDN'T SEE **HIM** GET OUT!

WOO TANG GO OUT WINDOW! HIM MOST **ANXIOUS** NOW!



WELL, WHAT IN SAM HILL WAS HE DOIN' ANCHORED IN TH' MIDDLE O' TH' ROAD THEN? **YOU** SAID--

HIM NOT KNOW WE COME TO KUNG-LO! HIM **VERY** PLEASED AT NEWS!

SEE, SAR-JINT..



... WOO TANG RUN TO SEE HIS HONORABLE FATHER, HIS HONORABLE GRANDFATHER AND HIS--

OH, MY **ACHIN!**

The End

DEAR GERTRUDE

Tokyo, Japan
March 27, 1954

Dear Gertrude,

You shouldn't ought to be alarmed, Gertrude, on account of it's me who's writing to you instead of Sam, who is my best buddy and I am his, but in the case of this emergency which has come up, I have given Sam my word I would write to you so you wouldn't be alarmed over not hearing from him direct.

I am Orville Cot, Gertrude, Sam's best buddy, and believe you me, Sam's been a garden angel to me such a lot of times that I'm sure proud and happy that I am able to do this little thing for him, when it's so impossible for his right now to do anything for himself.

Why, only this morning when I sat next to him helping him find his mouth for the water glass, I said to him, "Sam," I said, "it ain't always allowed for one buddy to have such a big opportunity to prove to another buddy how deep down their close friendship really is."

Well, Gertrude, you sure would have been proud of Sam, the way he just lay there not saying anything, and then all of a sudden reaching for my hand, which I helped him locate. He shook it hard, out of his great appreciation, and then he yelled because both of us had forgot that was the hand that shouldn't ought to be touched, but he didn't yell for long, Gertrude, because Sam is very courageous about pain and just bit his lip until it went away. The pain, I mean, not his lip. His lip is fine.

It was right after that, and before I started to read your last letter out loud to him again, that I gave him my promise about writing this to you for him. Honest, Gertrude, if you could have seen what I saw in what there is of Sam's face they've left for me to see, well, you'd have felt like I did, too, I guess, which was mighty full of respect for the wonderful kind of buddy Sam Cosgrove is.

I sure don't wonder any that you and Sam are so crazy about each other. The way he whispered your name while they were rolling up his sleeve for the—

Gee, I'm sorry, Gertrude, the nurse just signaled to me that she wants to tell me something about Sam, I guess, so I'll put this in an envelope and mail it to you right away so you won't worry. I'll write for Sam again tomorrow.

xxxxx (Those are from Sam)
Sincerely, your friend-to-be,
Orville Cot., Pvt., U. S. Army

P. S.: Don't Worry!!

Tokyo, Japan
March 28, 1954

Dear Gertrude,

I sure hope you ain't been worrying now that you must have received the letter which I wrote to you yesterday all about Sam, because that's why I wrote the letter, Gertrude, to keep you from getting worried.

Sam was sure grateful when I told him I'd mailed it to you and—oh, yes, that wasn't anything to worry about either when the nurse called me yesterday and interrupted my letter. She just wanted me to help her crank Sam's bed up, the handle was stuck, and she was just trying to make him more comfortable.

Sam knows about my writing to you again today, and it has sure cheered him up and helped to make him forget everything that happened. He even joked about it a little, but that's how Sam is, Gertrude, like I guess you already know. He is sure one brave and wonderful guy, and don't you think for one minute that I ain't grateful for being lucky enough to have a buddy like he is.

When I remember how that big steel girder kept getting closer and closer to Sam, who was leaning down and tying his shoelace and not even seeing it, well, I get all hot and cold all over again, like I guess you would have, too, on account of your being as fond of Sam as I am.

You can bet I yelled louder than I ever thought I could when I saw that I'd never be able to get to Sam in time, and I can tell you that it was sure a pretty terrible feeling when I saw that Sam wasn't hearing my yelling on account of all the noise the crane that was moving the girder was making. He just kept on tying his shoelace, which I guess was all knotted up because it was taking him so long to fix, and the girder kept getting closer and closer to him and the place where his head would be if he stood up, which was what I was trying to yell to him not to do.

Well, when I finally saw that Sam wasn't ever going to hear my yelling, I just plain began to pray, Gertrude, because I knew I couldn't ever run to Sam fast enough and push him out of the way, on account of the big crowd that was packed around watching what was going on. Believe me, when they put up a new building here in Tokyo, it's kind of a big sight and everybody comes and watches all day long, and this was going to be a pretty good-sized building, I'd guess, judging by the amount of wreckage there was after it all collapsed.

You see it was the big girder that started the whole thing, Gertrude, the one I mentioned to you

that was swinging right toward Sam who couldn't possibly see it. Well, right in the middle of the praying I was doing, I happened to look at the girder again and honestly, my eyes froze right in my throat. I can sure tell you, Gertrude, that unless you've ever happened to see a cable break and watch a big steel girder start falling toward somebody you're very fond of who is underneath—well, you just can't have any kind of an idea of how terrible it makes you feel.

I looked toward Sam again and—

Gosh, Sam's calling me, Gertrude. I thought he was asleep but I guess that wasn't snoring he was doing, it must have maybe been that he was in pain, which he is too courageous ever to let anybody know about.

I'll write again tomorrow, and don't worry.

xxxxxx (Those are from Sam)
Sincerely, your friend-to-be,
Orville Cot., Pvt., U. S. Army

★ ★ ★

Tokyo, Japan
March 29, 1954

Dear Gertrude,

Sam is fine today, Gertrude, and he sure is glad about the way I've been writing to you for him so you won't worry. I think they're maybe going to try and take the bandages off today. They didn't really say they were going to, but I watch everything real close and I saw the doctors whispering together with the nurse, and every once in a while the nurse nodded real serious like, and I'm pretty sure they were talking about Sam.

I described what they were doing to Sam, and he sure took it brave, like he has the whole thing, which is a wonderful thing to see, Gertrude, and I wish you could.

Now, let me see—oh, yes, when Sam called to me yesterday, it was only that he'd knocked over his water glass and the water was leaking into his pillow. You can bet I dried it up fast, Gertrude. I sure wasn't going to have my best buddy lying there all soaking wet and not being able to reach for a towel or anything because of being so unable to move and see where the towel was.

Sam thanked me again, and this time when I found my hand for Sam so he could shake it, I was careful that it was the hand (Sam's hand, I mean) that it was all right to touch.

Now, to get back to telling you about the building that was going up, but collapsed, like I told you yesterday it was that falling girder that started the whole thing. I can sure tell you that standing there watching the girder fall wasn't no easy thing to do, Gertrude, what with seeing Sam still out there tying his shoelace and not even looking up.

Well, after the girder fell and all the screaming had died down a little—

Golly, there go the doctors and the nurse in to Sam again, Gertrude, so I'll just close this and tell you all about the rest of it tomorrow. Remember, don't do any worrying. I think Sam is probably going to be all right.

xxxxxx (Those are from Sam)
Sincerely, your friend-to-be,
Orville Cot., Pvt., U. S. Army

★ ★ ★

Tokyo, Japan
March 30, 1954

Dear Gertrude,

Yep, it's me writing to you this time, honey, instead of Orville Cot, on account of Orville has done so much wonderful work already, writing to you every day for me so you wouldn't worry.

He says he's explained to you all about what happened, so I won't bother you with making you read all about it again.

Didn't I always tell you what a real buddy Orville is, Gertrude? It's sure a pretty wonderful thing to have a buddy like that, who'll help you into the ambulance and everything, and who won't hardly go away from you after that, until he finds out if you're going to live or not. No, siree, buddies like Orville Cot don't show up every day, and I bet you're good and proud that I'm lucky enough to have one like he is.

Orville's face was the first thing I saw after they took the bandages off my eyes this morning. (They washed the dust out that was in my eyes real good, honey, and when it comes to taking a wooden splinter out of your finger, well, we've got just about the finest doctors and nurses there are out here!)

It wasn't any time at all before Orville and me was laughing about everything that happened, and right after I mail this to you telling you that I'm just fine again, we're going back to look at where the building fell down and got all that dust in my eyes. I wanted to save the splinter to send to you, but the nurse dropped it and none of us can find it on the floor.

Well, honey, I'll write again tomorrow. Meanwhile, just remember that

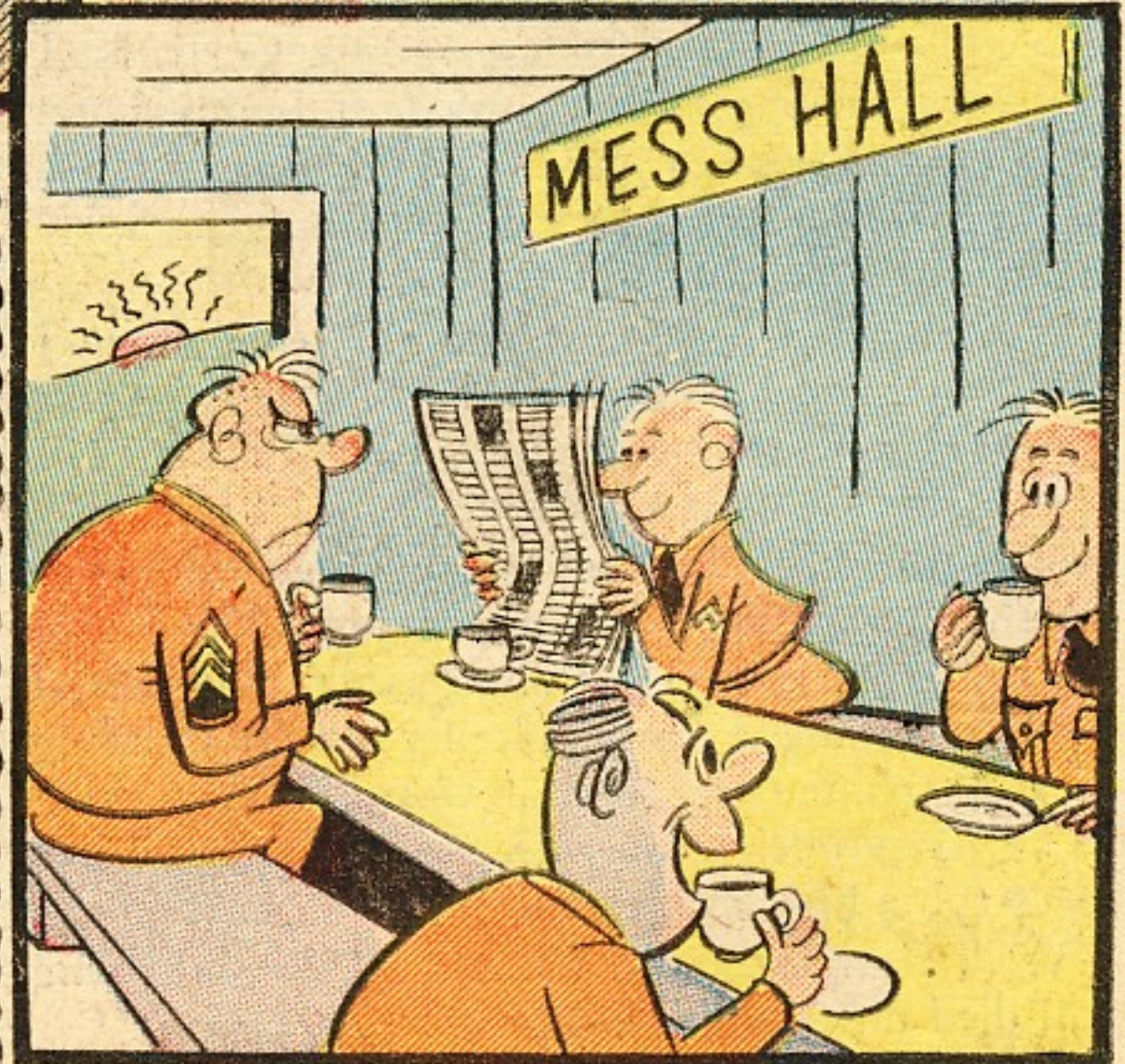
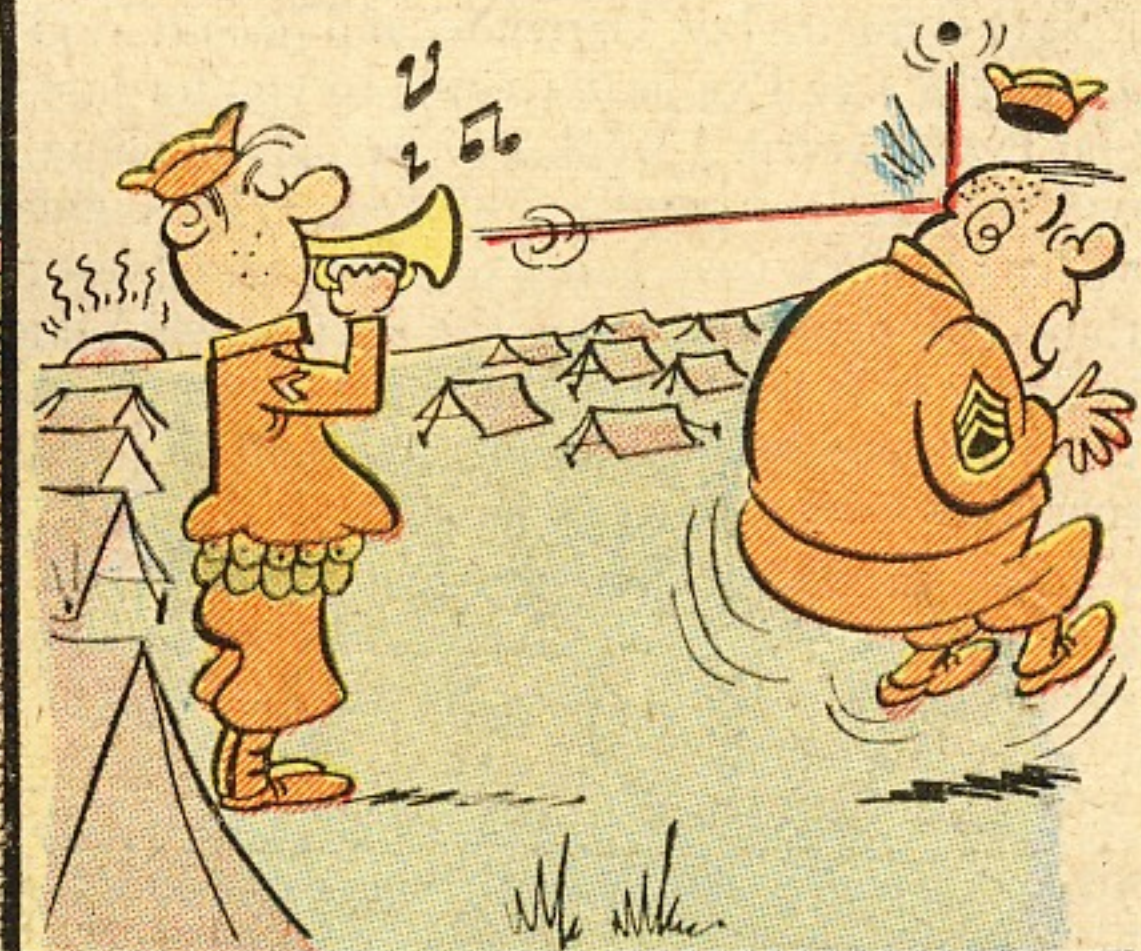
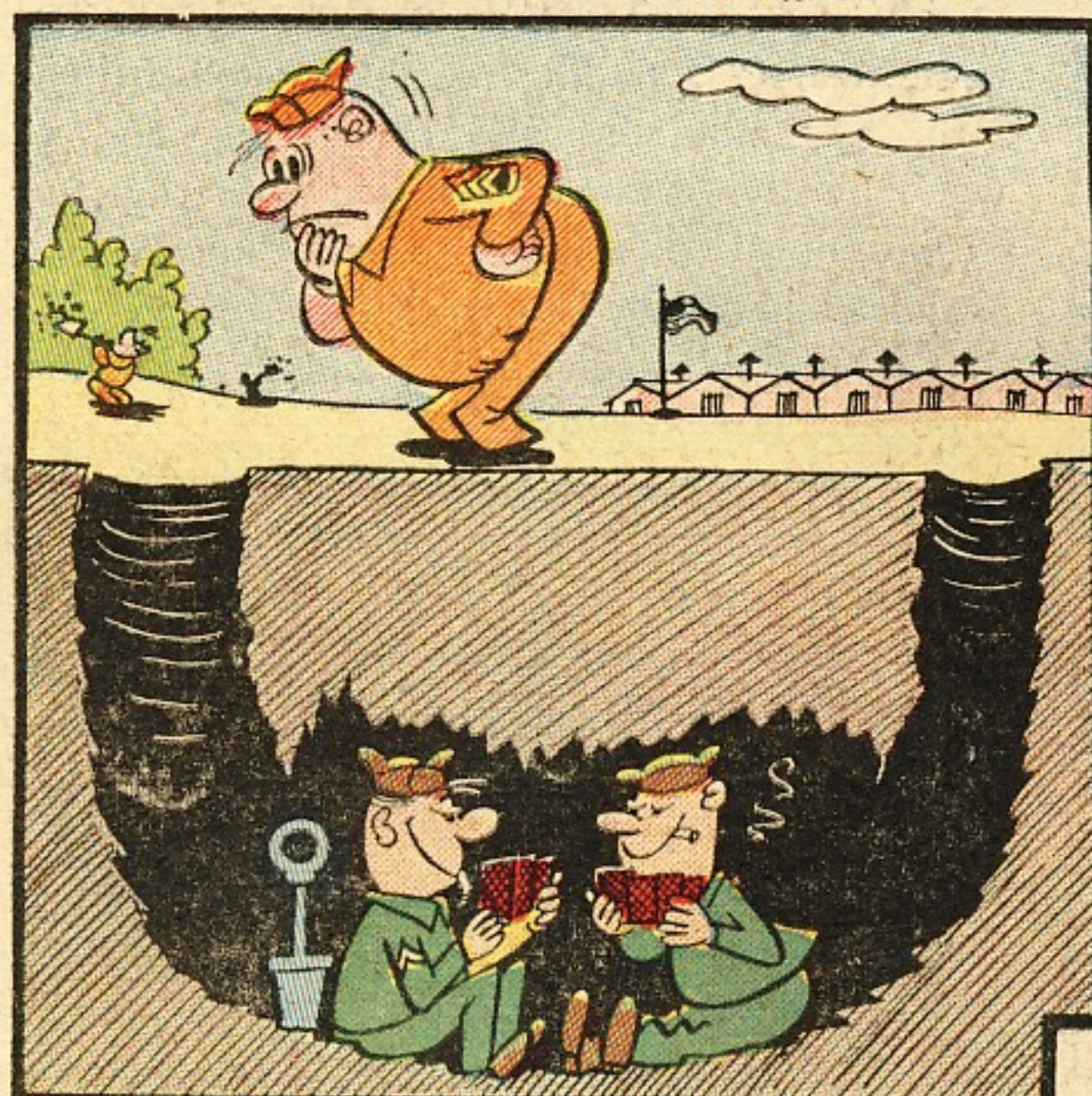
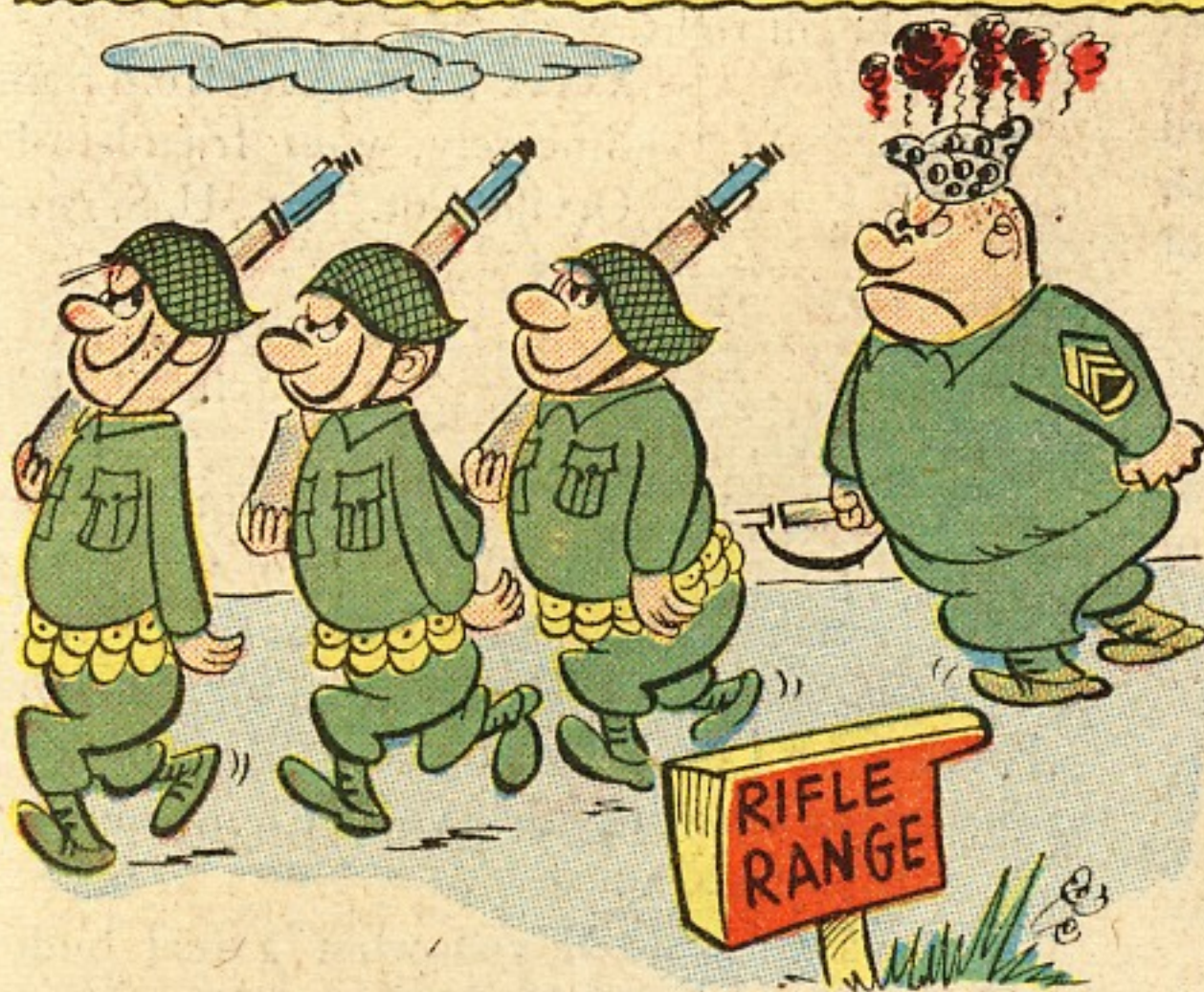
xxxxxxx (These mean kisses)
Your ever-lovin'-husband-to-be,
Sam Cosgrove, Pvt., U. S. Army

P. S.: I hope you didn't worry!

The character Sam Cosgrove is fictitious. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, is purely coincidental.

PRIVATE HUMOR

Vic
MARTIN



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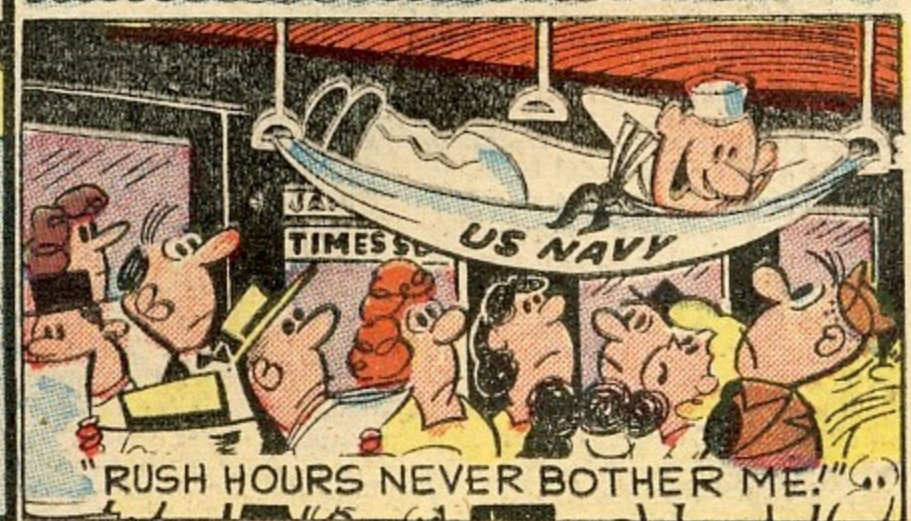
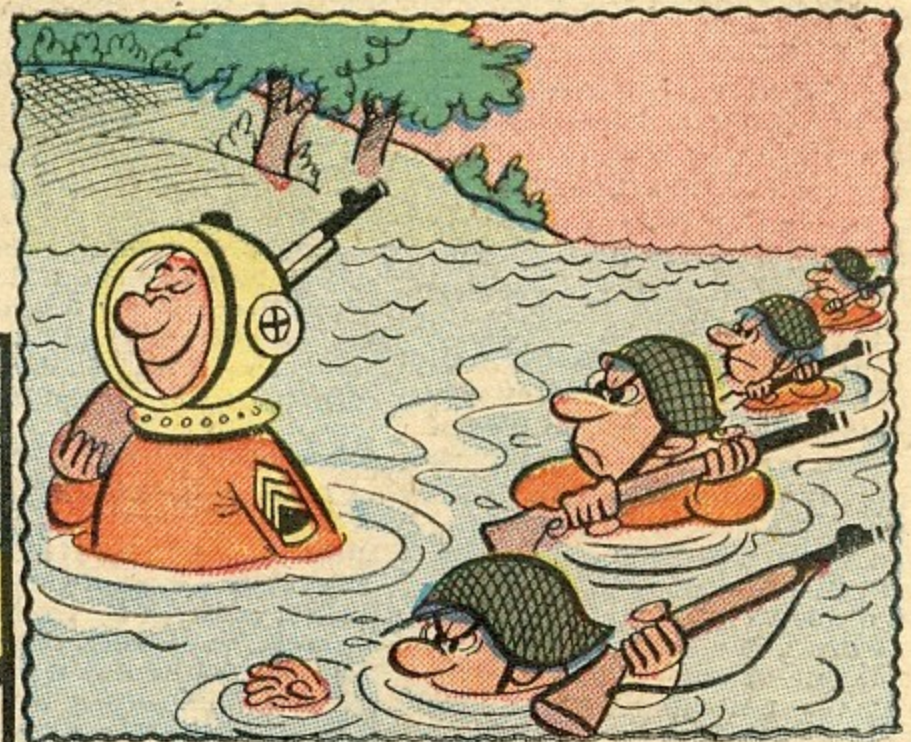
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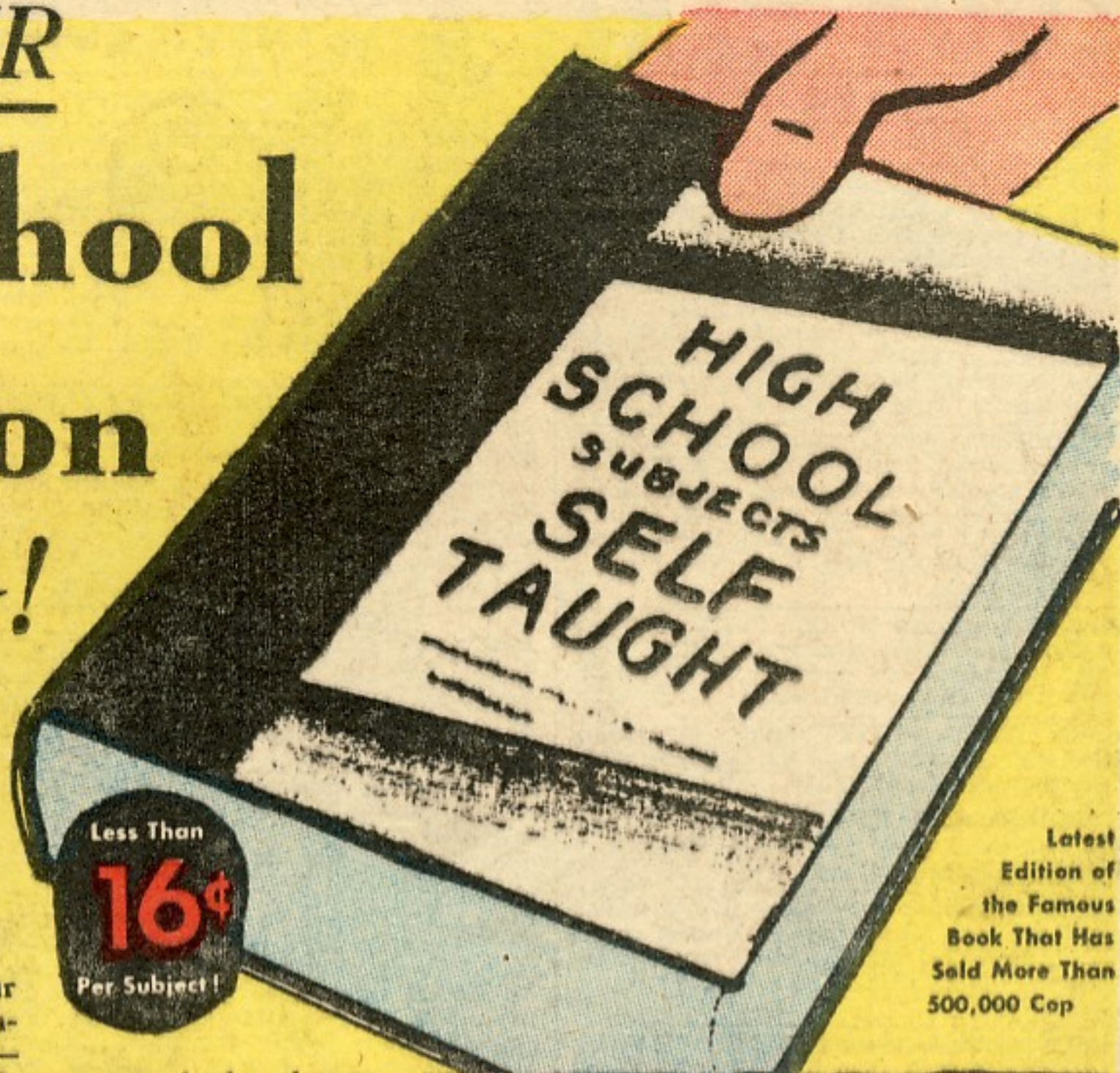
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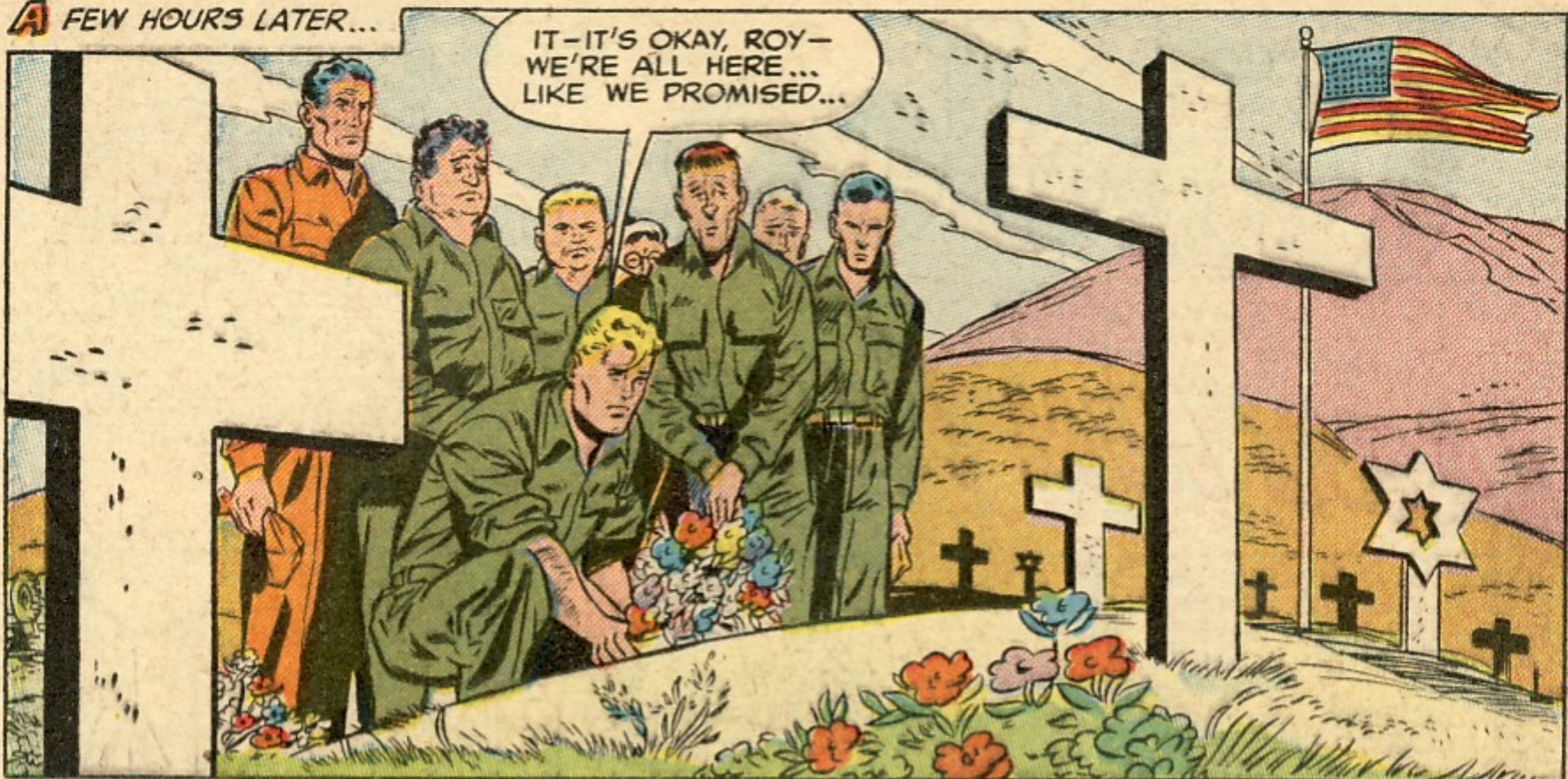
in

LEAVE HIM ALONE!

AS SURE AS SUNRISE IN THE MORNING OR THE MOON COMING UP AT NIGHT, THERE COMES A TIME WHEN A MAN NEEDS TO BE LEFT ALONE... A NEED THAT OTHER MEN SOMETIMES FIND DIFFICULT TO LEARN AND UNDERSTAND. IT WAS THUS WITH THE MEN OF "BAKER" COMPANY, UNTIL STET MASON ENTERED THE PICTURE...



A FEW HOURS LATER...



IT-IT'S OKAY, ROY—
WE'RE ALL HERE...
LIKE WE PROMISED...



YEAH, WE'RE ALL HERE
EXCEPT STET MASON—
AN' HIM AN' ROY
WERE **GOOD**
FRIENDS!

AW, LEAVE THAT SOUR-
BALL MASON OUTA THIS,
WILL YA, WEEPY? AIN'T
IT BAD ENOUGH LIKE
IT IS?



DO Y'THINK ROY
REALLY **KNOWS**
WE'RE HERE,
SARGE?

WE AIN'T MISSED A FIRST-
O'-TH-MONTH **YET**, HAVE WE,
HOOSIER? IF Y'DON'T
BREAK YER PROMISE TO A
GUY—WELL, HE'S **GOTTA**
KNOW ABOUT IT, DON'T HE?



I
G-GUESS
SO...

I'LL SURE NEVER
FORGET THE WAY
OLD ROY USED TO
TEAR INTO THOSE
LETTERS HE GOT
FROM HOME! HE SAID
HE HAD FAN-CLUBS
IN EVERY STATE
INCLUDIN' ALASKA!
HE SAID...



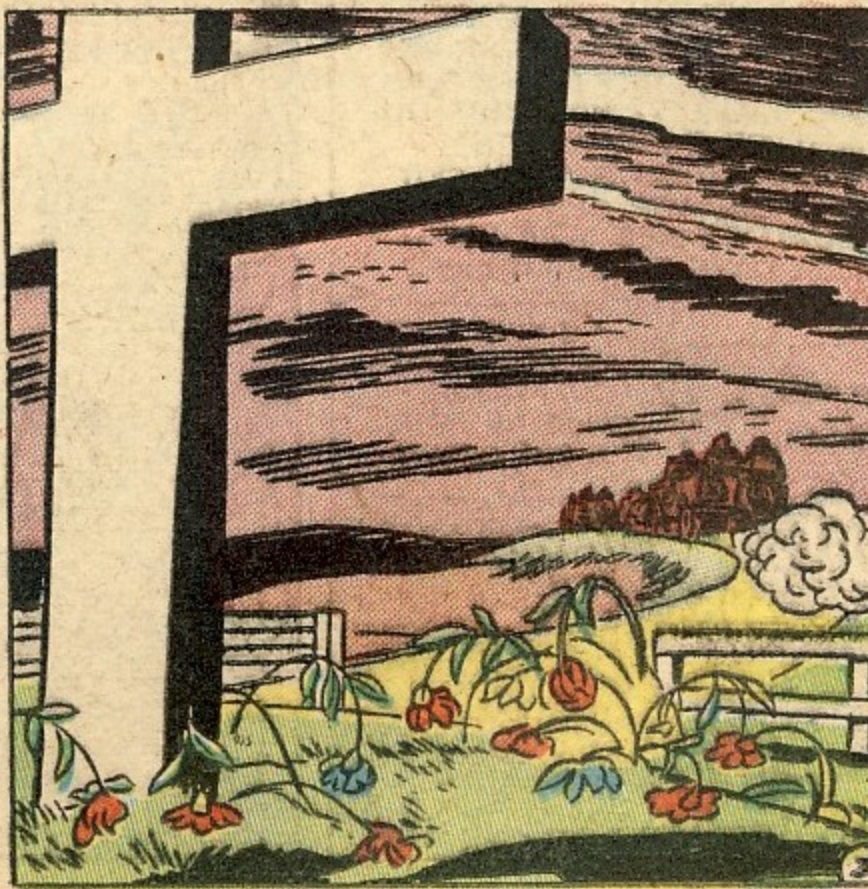
... HIS ESKIMO
GALS USED TO
"**BLUBBER**"
WHEN HE DIDN'T
WRITE REGULAR!

THAT WAS ROY
FOR YA! ALWAYS
COMIN' UP WITH
A JOKE WHEN
THE GOIN' GOT
ROUGH! I
GUESS I CAN'T
NEVER FORGET A
GUY LIKE **THAT!**

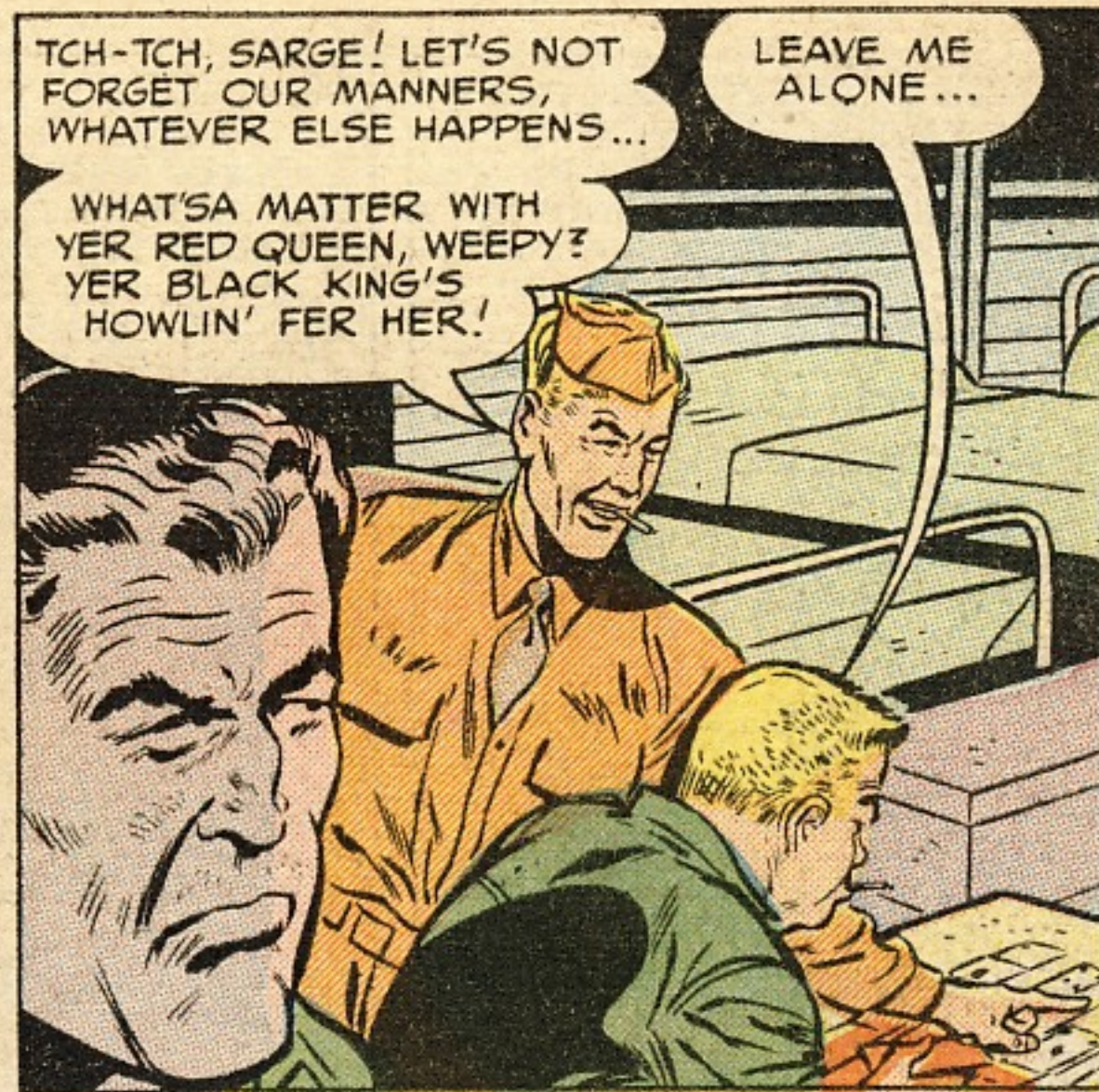


HE WAS A
GREAT KIDDER,
THAT'S FER
SURE! I
REMEMBER
THE TIME
HE --

FUNNY, AIN'T IT,
SARGE — THE
WAY ROY WAS
SUCH A **HAPPY**
GUY, AN' YET HE
COULDN'T EVER
STAND BEIN' LEFT
ALONE! IT WAS —
WELL, IT WAS ALMOST
LIKE HE WAS **SCARED**
OF IT!



THAT NIGHT, BACK AT THE CAMP...





OKAY, MASON, WE HEARD YOU—NOW **YOU** LISTEN TO **ME!** WE MADE ROY A PROMISE, AN' BAKER COMPANY—ALL EXCEPT YOU—IS PRETTY PARTIAL TO KEEPIN' THEIR WORD! YOU AIN'T BEEN OUT TO THAT GRAVE **ONCE!**

I NEVER PROMISED ROY I WOULD!



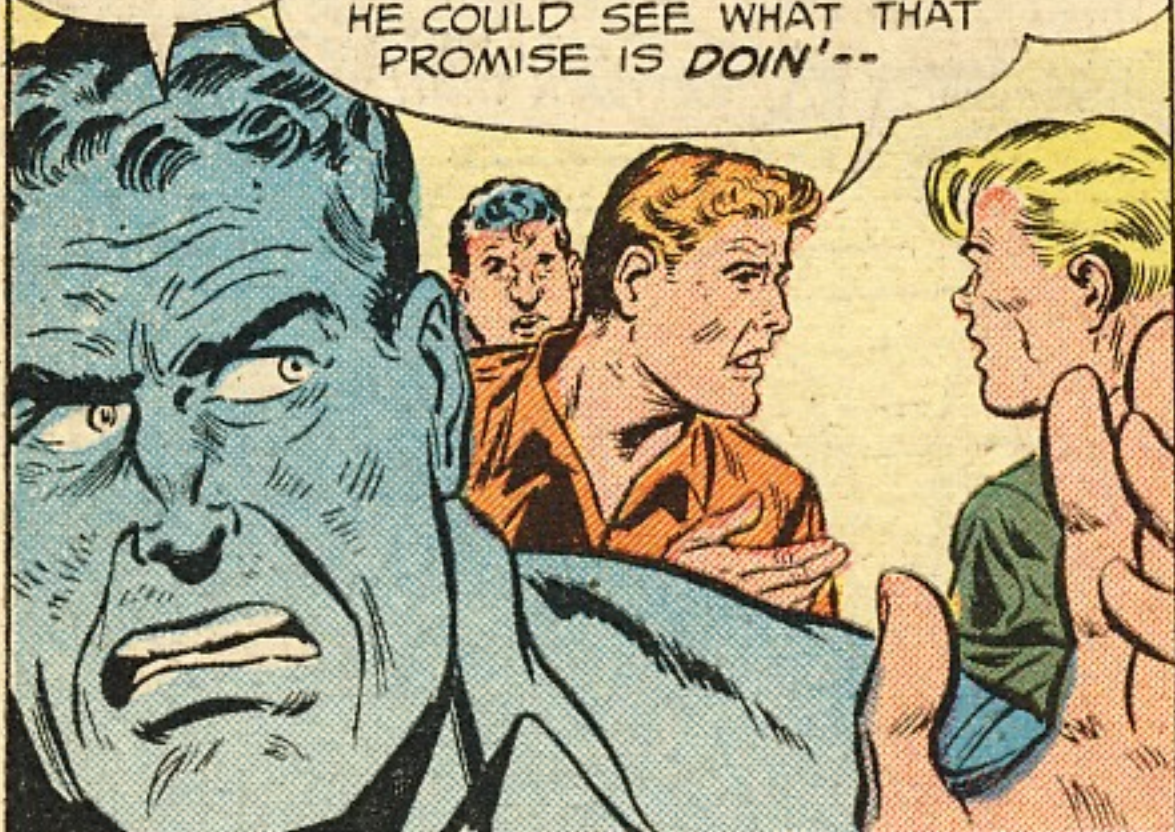
NAW! AN' YA WEREN'T EVEN THERE IN TH' TENT WHEN HE DIED—BUT YOU'RE ALWAYS SAYIN' ROY WAS YER **FRIEND!**

I DIDN'T MAKE THE PROMISE BECAUSE HE **WAS** MY FRIEND!



AW, CUT TH' HIGH-FALLUTIN' RIDDLES! THEY AIN'T CUTTIN' NO ICE WITH **ME!**

I'VE TRIED EVERY **OTHER** WAY I KNOW TO GET IT ACROSS TO YA—MAYBE YOU'LL UNDERSTAND THIS! — ROY WAS A **HAPPY** GUY, JOE! HE WAS KEENER ABOUT LIVIN' AN' LAUGHIN' THAN ANYBODY I EVER KNEW... BUT IF HE COULD SEE WHAT THAT PROMISE IS **DOIN'—**



WHY DID HE **ASK** US FOR IT THEN? WHY DID HE **ASK** EVERY ONE OF US TO SWEAR WE'D--

CAN **YOU** TELL ME HOW **YOU'RE** GONNA BEHAVE WHEN **YOUR** NUMBER'S UP, JOE? WE ALL KNOW ROY HATED BEIN' ALONE... BUT COULDN'T **YOU** MAYBE MAKE A MISTAKE LIKE THAT, TOO—AN' FIND OUT IT **WAS** A MISTAKE WHEN YOU COULDN'T GET BACK TO FIX IT UP?



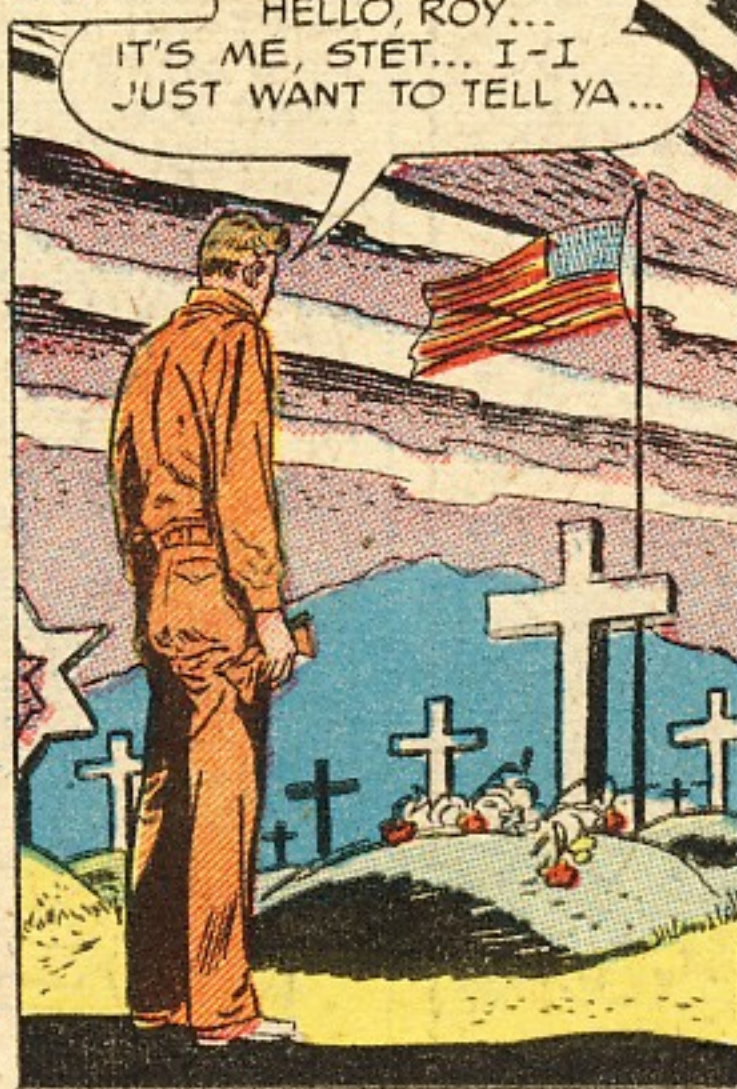
TH' ONLY TIME ROY WAS EVER BLUE WAS IF SOMEBODY AROUND HIM WAS IN TH' DUMPS! HE WANTED EVERYBODY TO BE AS HAPPY AS HE WAS! DO YOU KNOW WHAT GOIN' OUT TO HIS GRAVE ONCE A MONTH DOES TO YOU GUYS? IS THAT MAKIN' ROY HAPPY **NOW?**

TAKE MY WORD FOR IT, JOE, THERE'S A MIGHTY **UNHAPPY** SOLDIER TRYIN' TO GET TO SLEEP OUT THERE... AN' HE'S NEVER GONNA MAKE IT UNLESS **YOU GUYS LET HIM!**

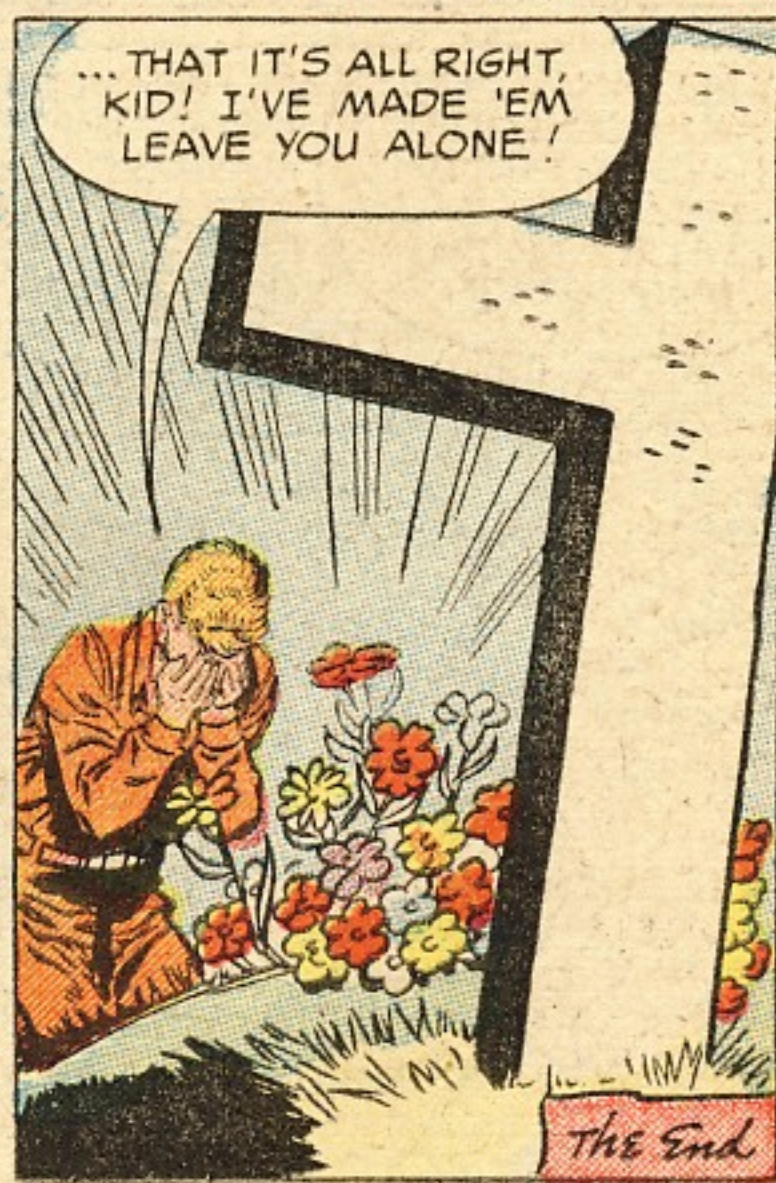


AND SO, 'LATE THE NEXT AFTER-NOON...

HELLO, ROY... IT'S ME, STET... I-I JUST WANT TO TELL YA...



... THAT IT'S ALL RIGHT, KID! I'VE MADE 'EM LEAVE YOU ALONE!



The End

G.I. Joe's Pen Pals



OUR SERVICEMEN ALL OVER THE WORLD WANT AND NEED MAIL. THE LEAST WE CAN DO IS TO CO-OPERATE WITH THEM. THE CHARACTER OF THE CORRESPONDENTS WE LIST ON THESE PAGES HAS BEEN VOUCHERED FOR BY THEIR LOCAL AUTHORITIES. SERVICEMEN WHO ARE INTERESTED CAN CONTACT THESE CORRESPONDENTS DIRECTLY.

EAST

CAROL CARUCCI, 58 CROWN ST., BRISTOL, CONN. . . . "I am 16 years old, 5 feet, 5 inches tall, 135 pounds, brown hair, brown eyes. I am half French and half Italian. I like dancing, horseback riding, basketball, roller skating and all other sports. I am looking forward to receiving letters from our servicemen. I promise to answer all letters promptly."

PAT DEMING, RFD #7, NORWICH, CONN. . . . "I want very much to write to servicemen, and I will answer every letter I get. I am 17 years old, 5 feet, 4 inches tall and my weight is 115 pounds. My hair is brown and I have hazel eyes. I like all kinds of sports and music. I certainly hope I get some letters from our servicemen."

CAROLYN SHARP, 204 S. COLONIAL AVE., WILMINGTON, DEL. . . . "I am 22 years old, 5 feet, 4 inches tall, weight 120 pounds. Brown hair, blue eyes. I like all sports, but most of all, I love dancing. I will answer every letter I receive. I would like to hear from the boys."

SHIRLEY BARNES, 1541 CONGRESS PLACE S.E., WASHINGTON, D. C. . . . "I am a Negro, 18 years old, 5 feet 5 inches tall. I would like to correspond with servicemen."

OPAL GIBSON, C/O N. OWENS, 23 8th ST. N.E., WASHINGTON, D. C. . . . "My height is 5 feet, 7 inches, age 17, weight 143, dark brown hair and hazel eyes. Love any type of sport. I hope someone will write me. I like to receive and answer letters."

JANET RISTON, 321 CHANNING ST. N.W., WASHINGTON, D. C. . . . "I am 18 years old, 4 feet, 8 inches tall. Not very big for my age, but I am told that it's a cute height to be. I have brown hair and blue eyes. I would like to do my part for the boys in service by writing as often as possible."

JOCELYN DOYON, 396 LISBON ST., LEWISTON, MAINE . . . "I am 16 years old, 5 feet, 2 inches tall, brown hair, blue eyes. I am often called Joyce. I would like very much to correspond with any lonesome GI. I promise to be prompt in answering."

KATHY LUNEWEBEN, 2829 ERDMAN AVE., BALTIMORE 13, MD. . . . "I am 16 years old, 5 feet, 3 inches tall, 103 pounds. I have brown hair, brown eyes. My hobbies are: Horseback riding and letter writing. I imagine it's a comforting feeling for a serviceman to hear his name called at 'Mail Call.' And whether it's a letter from his hometown or a town he's never been to, he's always glad to hear from 'home.'"

CAROLE SMUDIN, 460 BROAD ST., BRIDGEWATER, MASS. . . . "I am 16 years old, 5 feet, 8 inches tall, weigh 130 pounds and have long blonde hair and blue eyes. I like horseback riding, hot rods, dancing and cooking. I promise to answer all the letters I receive."

RICHARD PUDUSKI, STURBRIDGE RD., BRIMFIELD, MASS. . . . "I realize that most of the GI's would rather write to girls instead of boys. I would like to receive letters from GI's serving all over the world. I hope someone will write because I like to write letters. I would like to do my part. I will answer all the letters I receive. I am 16 years old."

MADELEINE CROTEAU, 21 SHORT ST., LOWELL, MASS. . . . "I would like very much to correspond with some fellows in the service. I am 16 years old, 5 feet, 5 inches tall, brown hair, brown eyes. I like baseball, football and boating. I will gladly answer all the letters I receive."

PATRICIA O'DONNELL, 28 PASCACK RD., HILLSDALE, N. J. . . . "I am 16, 5 feet, 5 inches tall, weigh 120, light brown hair and hazel eyes. I am very interested in writing to our boys in service. I promise to answer every letter I get."

MARY CAPITOLO, 255 KIRKMAN AVE., ELMONT, N. Y. . . . "I am 16, 5 feet, 2 inches tall, 105 pounds, brown hair and brown eyes. I would like someone to write to."

MARY LOPEZ, 136 EAST 117th ST., APT. 5C, N. Y. 35, N. Y. . . . "I am 16, 5 feet, 2 inches tall. Hobbies: Cooking, skating and dancing. I would like to receive letters from any GI. I shall be very happy if I could cheer some of them up. I would be very happy to correspond with the men in service."

BONNIE NEARY, 48 POST AVE., NEW YORK 34, N. Y. . . . "I am 17 years old, 5 feet, 5 inches tall, weigh 122 pounds and have blonde hair and green eyes. I like to roller skate, dance, swim or see a good show. I love to write letters to fellows in the service because I know they like to receive them. I will answer any letters I receive, and I'll answer them right away."

PAT WHITING, 42 FOURTH ST., ROCHESTER 9, N. Y. . . . "I am 16 years of age, I have brown hair and brown eyes. I am 5 feet, 2 inches tall. I would like to write to boys in the service because my brother is in the service and I know how lonesome they get."

FRANCES HALSTEAD, ROCK TAVERN, NEW YORK . . . "I am 16 years old, 5 feet, 2 inches tall, weigh 110 pounds. I have dark brown hair and brown eyes. I like all sports and would like to correspond with some of our GI's. I will answer all letters promptly."

JENNIE GALASSI, R.D. #1, BOX 75, EAST BRADY, PA. & LUCRETIA JOHN, R.D. #1, EAST BRADY, PA. . . . "We are 16 years old and would like to write to some servicemen. Some of our activities are: Dancing, music, sports and letter writing. We, as *GI JOE Pen Pals*, feel that we are doing our duty by writing to servicemen and making them happy."

DOLORES WOTISKY, 102 CHARTIERS AVE., McKEES ROCKS, PA. . . . "I am 23 years old, 5 feet, 7 inches tall, weigh 123 pounds, have brown eyes and dark brown hair. I like most sports and activities, but dancing is my specialty. I love to write and will welcome letters from any of the servicemen. I promise to answer all mail promptly."

THERESA SUKALA, 1731 MELROSE AVE., NATRONA HEIGHTS, PA. . . . "I am 21 years old, blonde hair, brown eyes. I would like to correspond with the boys in service. I think the *Pen Pals* feature is a wonderful service, not only for the servicemen, but for the people at home."

LYDIA YUREK, 351 PORTER ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA. . . . "I am 17 years old, blonde hair, blue eyes, 5 feet, 3 inches tall. I would like to correspond with servicemen who are doing so much for our country."

JANET MORRIS, 178 LONG AVE., SOUTH WILMERDING, PA. . . . "I am 18 years old, height 5 feet, 2 inches, weight 96 pounds, blonde hair, blue eyes. Would like photographs of some GI's. I'll enjoy getting letters from anyone who will write to me. I'll answer as soon as possible."

SOUTH

JOANNE MOLE, RT. 4, BOX 1311, LAKELAND, FLA. . . . "I am 16 years old, 5 feet, 2 inches tall, blue eyes, blonde hair. I love to receive mail, and I promise to answer all letters I receive. I would like to correspond with servicemen. I would also like to receive 'snaps' of some boys."

RUTH RICH, 1006 DAWSON ROAD, ALBANY, GEORGIA . . . "I am 18 years old, 5 feet, 5 inches tall. I have light brown hair and brown eyes. I would love to write to some of the boys in the service. I will be only too glad to answer any letters, and I promise to be very prompt."

MILDRED BARTON, ROUTE 3, MAXTON, N. C. . . . "I am 16 years old, 5 feet, 3 inches tall, I weigh 128 pounds. I love to dance and write letters to servicemen. I will trade photos with the boys in service and I promise to answer every letter I receive."

ELLEN SUTTLE, 19 POPLAR ST., GREAT FALLS, S. C. . . . "I am 16 years old, 5 feet, 7 inches tall, have dark brown hair and green eyes. I like all kinds of sports and books. I promise to answer every letter I receive."

MARGIE BEARDEN, BOX 1102, TEXAS CITY, TEXAS . . . "I think your *Pen Pals* feature is a sensational idea. I would like, if possible, to join. I am 16 years old, 5 feet, 5 inches tall, weigh 125 pounds, brown hair, blue eyes. I like all kinds of sports, dancing, music and most of all, letter-writing. I know quite a few servicemen, and I know how wonderful they feel when their names are called at 'Mail Call.' I would like to do my part. I promise to answer all letters."

MIDWEST

DONNA JEWELL, RT. 2, JEROME, IDAHO . . . "I am 18 years old, 5 feet, 4 inches tall, blonde hair, blue eyes and I weigh 120 pounds. I like reading, roller skating, basketball and other sports. I am looking forward to an enjoyable correspondence with some GI's."

MARY LOU STUENKEL, 9131 SHERIDAN AVE., BROOKFIELD, ILL. . . . "I would like very much to write to any guys who don't receive much mail, and would like to receive mail from them. I have been wanting to write to servicemen for a long time, but I never found a way to get in touch with some until I got the *G.I. JOE* comic. I am 17 years old, blonde hair, blue eyes, and I'm 5 feet, 4½ inches tall. I like swimming, horseback riding, singing, dancing and music."

JUDITH BASSETT, 1309 SOUTH 6th ST., PEKIN, ILL. . . . "I am 16 years old, 5 feet, 4 inches tall, 112 pounds. Blonde hair, blue eyes. I like swimming, dancing, horseback riding and football. I would like to hear from some of the boys overseas. I will try to answer all the letters I receive."

BETTY FOSTER, 408 E. BUCKNER, TUSCOLA, ILL. . . . "I'm 22 years old, and would like to hear from someone who has no one special to write to. I love outdoor sports and love to dance. I will answer all letters I receive."

ROSEMARY BILYOU, 1430 NORTH 28th ST., TERRE HAUTE, IND. . . . "I like to write letters and would especially like to correspond with some GI's. If some of the fellows would write, I promise to answer every letter I receive. I am 22 years old, 5 feet, 4 inches tall, brown hair and brown eyes."

PHYLLIS THOMPSON, 1921 RIPLEY ST., DAVENPORT, IOWA . . . "I would like to write to some boys in service. I feel that this is the least I can do. I am 17 years old, 5 feet tall. My hair is reddish brown and my eyes are green."

COLETTA FINNEY, BOX 7, PIONEER, IOWA . . . "I am 17 years old, 5 feet, 7 inches tall. I have dark blonde hair and green eyes. I like to roller skate, play the piano and write letters. I like to receive letters from boys in service. I have written to two of them and I know how much they appreciate it."

DOROTHY HAUSEN, R.R. #5, FARIBAULT, MINN. . . . Age 16, 5 feet, 7 inches tall, 120 pounds. Blonde hair, brown eyes. Likes Western music, dancing and some sports. "I would like to correspond with GI's."

PATRICIA BALFE, 102 THIRD AVE., N.E., FARIBAULT, MINN. . . . Age 17, 5 feet, 5½ inches tall, 130 pounds. Black hair and blue eyes. Likes music, dancing and sports of all kinds.

ANN BAKER, 10 VISGER ROAD, ECORSE 29, MICH. . . . "I would like very much to write to some servicemen. I am 16 years old, 4 feet, 11 inches tall, brown hair, blue eyes and weigh 115 pounds. I like all sports, music and dancing. I will write to every boy who writes to me."

HELEN VAUGHN, 26255 HURON DRIVE, FLAT ROCK, MICH. . . . "I am 18 years old, brown hair, blue eyes. I have many interests. I would like to correspond with lonely GI's and try to help cheer them up."

JOANN CASE, 329 FAIR ST., TRAVERSE CITY, MICH. . . . 16 years old, blonde hair, light blue eyes, 4 feet, 6 inches tall, weighs 105 pounds. "My hobbies are playing the piano and watching all kinds of sporting events. I think everyone should write to GI's who have no one special to write to. I will answer all letters I receive."

JOAN WIDEMAN, 7431 LOHMEYER ST., MAPLEWOOD, MO. . . . "I would like to correspond with some GI's, overseas or somewhere in the States. I am 16 years old, 5 feet, 5½ inches tall. Blonde hair and hazel eyes. I like to go to football games and I especially like horseback riding. I also like classical and popular music. I'm looking forward to hearing from some GI's."

DIANE SALENE, 511 NORTH WILLOW, NORTH PLATTE, NEB. . . . "I am 19 years old, 5 feet, 2 inches tall, brown hair, blue eyes. Hobbies: Collecting snapshots, phonograph records and traveling. I will answer all the letters I receive. Maybe I can cheer somebody up."

NANCY PRATT, 16706 ENDORA ROAD, CLEVELAND, OHIO . . . "I am 16 years old, 5 feet, 4 inches tall, brown hair, blue eyes. I like football and baseball. I like to write and would love to receive mail from any boys in service who would like to write to me."

DELORES MANSON, 97 BANNING PLACE, DAYTON, OHIO . . . "I am 17 years old, black hair, brown eyes. I like to write and would love to write to servicemen in any branch of the service. I will answer all letters."

TERESA CRAMER, 1116 PUTNAM AVE., ZANESVILLE, OHIO . . . "I am 5 feet, 5 inches tall, 17 years of age, reddish brown hair, hazel eyes. I like dancing, swimming, skating and bowling. I will write to anyone who writes to me, and I would like to exchange photographs."

NESTA FRITZ, 2249 N. TEUTONIA AVE., MILWAUKEE 5, WIS. . . . "I would like to correspond with some GI's because I know how much it means to them to receive mail from home. I am 16 years old, 5 feet, 8 inches tall, and I weigh 120 pounds. I have brown hair and blue eyes. I am interested in most every sport and like dancing quite a bit. I will answer as promptly as possible."

FAR WEST

COLLEEN GRAHAM, 2126 BONAR ST., BERKELEY 2, CALIF. . . . "I am 17 years old 5 feet, 6½ inches tall, brown hair, blue eyes. I am interested in sports, music and animals. I would like to receive mail from our boys in service. I will answer promptly."

ESPIE BOJORQUEZ, GENERAL DELIVERY, ESCONDIDO, CALIF. . . . "I am 16 years old, weigh 119 pounds, have black hair, brown eyes. I would like to receive letters from servicemen."

LINDA BARTLETT, 3422 MERCED ST., LOS ANGELES, CALIF. . . . "I would like to write to some GI's who don't receive much mail. I am 17 years old, 5 feet, 5 inches tall, brown hair and blue eyes. I like all sports, cooking and listening to phonograph records. I will answer all letters I receive."

PAT ORRICK, BOX 222, A.B., SALINAS, CALIF. . . . "I am 16 years old, 5 feet, 3¼ inches tall and weigh 125 pounds. I like dancing and swimming. I would like to hear from you boys. I don't care how many write me, I will answer all of you right away."

MARGIE ANDRADE, 471 NORTH 18th ST., SAN JOSE, CALIF. . . . "I am 17 years old and very anxious to write to servicemen. I know how lonesome they can get being away from home. I would like to bring them a little cheer through correspondence. Please write. I will answer promptly."

ROXANNE BLONDIN, 1231 SAN JOSE, SAN LEANDRO, CALIF. . . "16 years old, 5 feet, 6 inches tall, weigh 125 pounds, long blonde hair, blue eyes. I love to dance, cook and draw. I would like very much to have a GI write to me."

FLO LAWLEY, P.O. BOX 242, SUISUN, CALIF. . . "I am 19 years old, I have brown eyes, auburn hair and I am 5 feet, 2 inches tall. I love to write letters, and also to receive them. I will answer every letter I get and I hope to get many."

YVONNE MOLANDER, BOX 67, PAONIA, COLO. . . "I am 16 years old, 5 feet, 4 inches tall and have blue eyes. My main interests are writing, dancing, sports and horseback riding. I hope many servicemen will write. I will answer each and every letter."

BARBARA KEPPNER, ROUTE 1, BOX 3321, ISSAQUAH, WASH. . . "I am 17 years of age, 5 feet, 4 inches tall, weigh 130 pounds. I have brown hair and green eyes. I like basketball and swimming. I will try to answer all letters received."

ELAINE HARTLINE, RT. 9, BOX 305C, OLYMPIA, WASH. . . "I am 16 years old, have red hair, brown eyes, 5 feet, 6 inches tall and weigh 124 pounds. I know how badly the boys in service need mail and I want to do my share. I'd love to write to you servicemen, especially Infantrymen. I'm partial to that branch since my Dad is a captain in the Infantry."

JANET LUTZ, 1635 SOUTH 135th, SEATTLE, WASH. . . "I would like very much to write to servicemen. I am 16, 5 feet, 2 inches tall, dark brown hair and brown eyes. I like to fish, swim and skate. I love animals, especially horses."

GWENDOLYN ALGER, EAST 553 LONGFELLOW, SPOKANE, WASH. . . "I am 17 years old, 5 feet, 1 inch tall. I have long brown hair. I enjoy writing a great deal. I will answer all letters that I receive."

MARY ARAGON, P.O. BOX 136, WAMSUTTER, WYOMING . . . "I would like to write to our servicemen overseas. I know how much they look forward to mail from home. I am 17 years old, 5 feet, 2 inches tall and I weigh 112 pounds. I like roller skating, tennis, dancing and writing letters."

ALASKA

MARGARET ANNISKETTE, BOX 37, KLAUOCK, ALASKA . . . "I am 19 years old, 5 feet, 3 inches tall, weigh 122 pounds. I have black hair and brown eyes. I hope someone will write to me. I love to write and to receive letters."

ESTHER AND GEORGIANNA PERATROVICH, BOX 65, KLAUOCK, ALASKA . . . "We are both 16 and would like to hear from boys in service. We will answer all the letters we receive."

CANADA

ANNETTE SPALDING, PORT ESSINGTON, B.C., CANADA . . . "I am 18 years old, 5 feet tall, weight 101 pounds, brown hair and brown eyes. I'll enjoy getting letters from servicemen and I'll answer all I can. I would like photographs of some GI's."

IRENE ANDREWS, BOX 488, PRINCE RUPERT, B.C., CANADA . . . "I am 18 years old, 4 feet, 11 inches tall, weight 108 pounds, black hair and brown eyes. I would like to write to servicemen and I will answer all letters I receive promptly."

CECILE LEONARD, 501 ST. ANNE'S ROAD, ST. VITAL, MANITOBA, CANADA . . . "I am 16 years old, 5 feet, 6 inches tall and weigh 118 pounds. I would like very much to write to some of the boys serving in the armed forces. I like all sports and my chief interest is dancing."

KAY McGOVERN, 396½ MAIN ST., SAINT JOHN, N.B., CANADA . . . "I am 17 years old, 5 feet, 2 inches tall and weigh 95 pounds. My hair is dark brown and my eyes are brown. I would like to write to some boys who do not get much mail."

MILDRED VAN BUSKIRK, RCAF STATION, GREENWOOD, N.S., CANADA . . . "I am 16 years old with blue eyes and brown hair. I like all sports, especially tennis and softball. I hope some of the GI's will write me, and I promise to answer all letters I receive."

EVA BLACKBIRCH, GOGAMA, ONT., CANADA . . . Age 17, height 5 feet, 2 inches, brown hair and brown eyes. Likes to be called 'Skipper.' "I would love to write to servicemen stationed all over the world. I promise to be prompt."

MARJORIE MINOGUE, ST. ALBERT, ONT., CANADA . . . "I am 18 years old, 5 feet, 5 inches tall. I like music, reading and writing. I will answer all letters and exchange snapshots."

LORRAINE JACQUES, 208 VERCHERES ST., SUDBURY, ONT., CANADA . . . "I am 16 years old, height 5 feet, weight 104 pounds, brown hair and brown eyes. I would like to write as many GI's who would care to correspond with me. I promise to answer all letters. I know what it means not to receive mail and I want to do my share to help these boys."

PIERRETTE LAMOUREUX, R.R. 3, MANSONVILLE, P.Q., CANADA . . . "I am 16 years old, 5 feet, 3 inches tall and I weigh 115 pounds. I have brown hair and blue eyes. I would like to correspond with boys in the service."

THIS IS YOUR FEATURE—SEND US YOUR LETTERS!

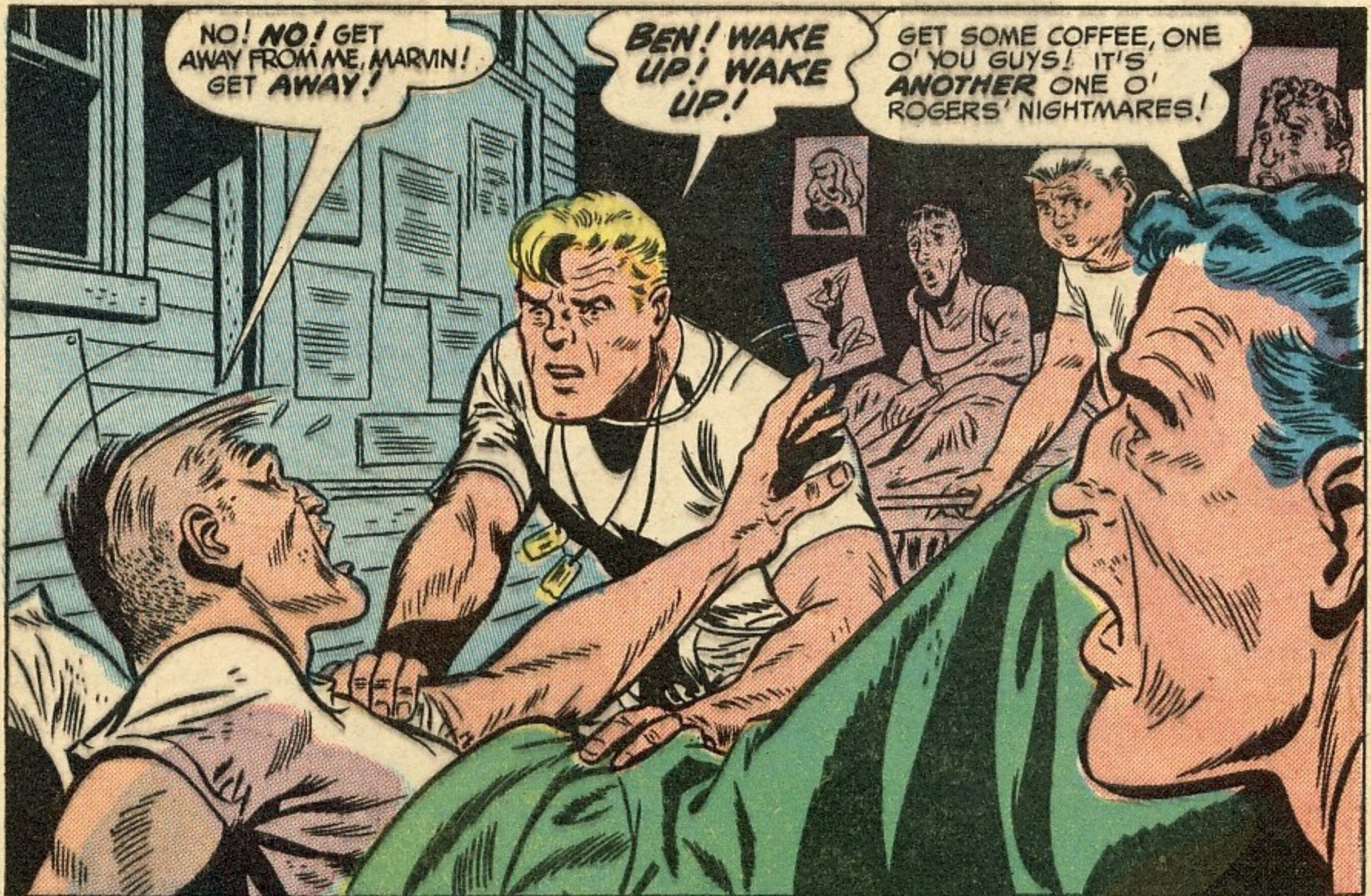
The address: G.I. JOE'S PEN PALS, ZIFF-DAVIS PUBLISHING CO., 366 MADISON AVE., N. Y. C.

G.I. Joe

in

The Replacement

BEN ROGERS WAS ONE OF THE UNFORTUNATE BY-PRODUCTS OF WAR. A RESTFUL SLEEP WAS UNKNOWN TO BEN. INSTEAD, NIGHT WAS HIS TORTURE CHAMBER. OUR SCENE IS THE "B" COMPANY SQUAD ROOM. IT IS NIGHT...



THE NEXT MORNING...

I BEEN THINKIN' ABOUT WHAT YOU SAID, SARGE... AN' I DON'T THINK BEN'S A LOCO! SEEMS LIKE HE'S OKAY THIS MORNING!

IF ROGERS AIN'T NUTS, HE'S GONNA MAKE DARNED SURE THE REST OF US GET TO BE! WE AIN'T HAD A FULL NIGHT'S SLEEP SINCE HE JOINED "BAKER" COMPANY LAST MONTH!



I UNDERSTAND MARVIN WAS BEN'S BUDDY, SARGE! WHEN HE--

DIED SAVIN' ROGERS' LIFE! NOW, ANY GUY WHO'D DO THAT AN' THEN KEEP COMIN' BACK TO HAUNT HIS PAL OUGHTA BE--



YEAH, I HEARD ALL ABOUT IT! ROGERS' OLD TOP-KICK TOLD ME HOW MARVIN

SARGE! YOU'RE NOT TRYIN' TO TELL ME YOU BELIEVE IN GHOSTS?

WHATEVER ROGERS KEEPS SEEIN' IN THOSE DREAMS OF HIS WILL SURE DO UNTIL A BETTER GHOST COMES ALONG!



IF THERE WAS ONLY SOMETHING WE COULD DO TO HELP HIM...

I AIN'T GOT TIME FER PLAYIN' WET NURSES TO A GUY'S IMAGINATION, BURCH! AN' I AIN'T GOT TIME FER GASSIN' WITH YOU ALL DAY! THERE'S A NEW REPLACEMENT COMIN' IN! I GOT THINGS TO DO...



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

HI, BEN! SWELL DAY AIN'T IT? I WAS WONDERIN' IF MAYBE YOU'D LIKE TO--

WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE WHAT KIND OF DAY IT IS? THEY'RE ALL THE SAME TO ME! NOW, BLOW, WILL YA?



I DON'T NEED ANYBODY GETTIN' ALL SOGGY-EYED OVER ME!

HAVE IT YOUR WAY, ROGERS! BUT MAYBE YOU'LL FIND OUT THERE ARE STILL SOME THINGS A GUY CAN'T DO SO GOOD-- ALL ALONE!



THAT AFTERNOON, IN THE BARRACKS...

I'M WES CORBETT, THE NEW REPLACEMENT. OKAY, IF I BUNK HERE?

NEXT TO "ROARIN' ROGERS?" IT'S OKAY WITH ME, KID-- BUT I SURE HOPE YOU BROUGHT YER EAR-PLUGS!

I'M CARPUCCIO--AN' DON'T EVER SAY I DIDN'T WARN YA!



THAT NIGHT...

ROGERS IS INSIDE
SHOWERIN', KID...
THIS IS TH' LAST
CHANCE Y'GOT
T'CHANGE YER
MIND! I CAN STILL
GET Y'INTO ANOTHER
BARRACKS BEFORE
LIGHTS OUT!

NO, THANKS, SARGE—THIS
BUNK'S FINE! AND ROGERS
SEEMS LIKE A NICE
ENOUGH GUY! WHAT'S
EVERYBODY GOT AGAINST
HIM?

EXACTLY 49 HOURS
AND 27 MINUTES OF
SLEEPIN' TIME,
THAT'S ALL! I GOT
IT ALL FIGURED OUT
RIGHT HERE! MAN!
WHY'D THEY HAVE TO
SEND HIM TO **BAKER?**

KNOCK IT OFF, CARP—
HERE HE COMES!

WHAT'D
YOU SAY
YER NAME
WAS?

CORBETT—WES
CORBETT! I
HOPE YOU DON'T
MIND MY BUNKIN'
NEXT TO YOU,
ROGERS!

SO WHAT IF
I DO? I
CAN'T THROW
YOU OUT!

SAY—YOU
EVER BEEN
IN COMBAT?
Y'SURE DON'T
LOOK LIKE IT!

I ONLY JUST
GOT HERE! BUT
WHAT'S HOW A
GUY **LOOKS**
GOT TO DO WITH
IT ANYWAY?

DON'T GET FRESH WITH **ME**,
PUNK! YOU DON'T EVEN **LOOK**
LIKE MARVIN! I BET YOU'D
HIGH-TAIL IT FER YOUR OWN
LINES THE MINUTE YOU SAW
SOME FIGHTIN'! THEY MUST BE
OFF THEIR ROCKERS TRYIN' TO
REPLACE **MARVIN** WITH **YOU!**

I DON'T THINK
THAT'S WHAT
THEY'RE TRYIN'
TO DO, ROGERS—
EVEN IF **YOU** ARE!

JUST DON'T GET IN MY WAY,
KID—AN' I'LL STEER CLEAR
OF YOURS! THAT'S THE
ONLY WAY YOU AN' ME'LL
EVER GET ALONG!

AND A FEW HOURS LATER...

I **WON'T** SHAKE HANDS
WITH YOU, MARVIN! I-I
DON'T WANT TO **TOUCH**
YOU! CAN'T YOU GET IT
THROUGH YOUR **HEAD?**
GO AWAY... GO **AWAY!**

HERE'S THE
COFFEE, JOE...

SEE WHAT I MEAN,
CORBETT? THIS IS
WHAT WE WERE
TELLIN' YOU ABOUT!
YOU **STILL** FIGURE
ON KEEPIN' THIS BUNK?

THE NEXT MORNING...

SARGE—WHAT *IS* THIS WITH BEN ROGERS? WHO'S THIS "MARVIN" HE WAS YELLING ABOUT LAST NIGHT?

ROGERS IS A *PSYCHO*, IF YER ASKIN' ME, CORBETT! MARVIN WAS HIS PAL... GOT KILLED SAVIN' ROGERS' LIFE... WHEN THEY WERE WITH "C" COMPANY...



...IT'S OKAY WITH ME, KID, IF YOU'VE DECIDED TO MOVE. YER BUNK! I CAN PROBABLY STILL FIX IT FER YA!

THANKS JUST THE SAME, SARGE, BUT I'LL STAY WHERE I AM! I—WELL, I KIND OF LIKE ROGERS!



YOU *LIKE* HIM—AFTER THE WAY HE PINNED YOUR EARS BACK LAST NIGHT?

HE'S MIGHTY UNHAPPY, JOE... I COULDN'T DISLIKE SOMEBODY JUST BECAUSE HE WASN'T HAPPY, COULD I?



Y'KNOW, SARGE—FOR THE KIND OF A LITTLE GUY, CORBETT'S PRETTY *BIG* AT THAT, AIN'T HE? AND STRANGE!

YOU WORRY ABOUT HIS SIZE, BURCH! ME, I'M GOIN' IN AN' GRAB FORTY WINKS WHILE THAT TWO-LEGGED LOONY-BIN IS *OUTSIDE*!



IS MY NOT *LOOKING* LIKE YOUR PAL MARVIN GOING TO KEEP US FROM BEING FRIENDS, ROGERS? I SURE WOULDN'T WANT *MY* FRIENDS TO ALL LOOK ALIKE! HOW COULD I TELL THEM APART?

KNOCK OFF, WILL YA? WHAT'S A PUNK LIKE YOU KNOW ABOUT FRIENDSHIP?



I'M NO PUNK, ROGERS—REMEMBER THAT! AND I KNOW FRIENDSHIP'S A DARNED NICE THING WHEN IT HAPPENS!

YOU MUST HAVE THOUGHT SO, TOO—AT LEAST ABOUT MARVIN—OR YOU WOULDN'T BE DREAMING ABOUT HIM THE WAY YOU DO NOW!

I DON'T WANT TO DREAM ABOUT HIM! HE'S DEAD! I WANT HIM TO *GO AWAY*... SO I CAN *SLEEP*!



MAYBE HE WON'T GO AWAY BECAUSE YOU WON'T LET HIM, ROGERS... DID YOU EVER THINK OF THAT?

IF YOU THINK TELLING SOMEBODY ABOUT HIM MIGHT HELP—WELL, I'D SURE BE GLAD TO LISTEN...

I DON'T KNOW... MAYBE IT *WOULD* HELP! I'LL TRY ANYTHING—IF HE'LL JUST LET ME GET TO *SLEEP*!



"WELL, WHEN MARVIN FIRST CAME TO 'CHARLIE COMPANY, THAT'S WHERE I ORIGINALLY CAME FROM, HE HADN'T BEEN WITH US MORE'N A COUPLE OF DAYS BEFORE I KNEW I HAD ME A BUDDY..."



"... BUT YOU KNOW SOMETHIN' ? I NEVER DID. AS TIME WENT ALONG, MARVIN WAS DOIN' MORE'N MORE FOR ME, AND I SURE WASN'T RAISIN' ANY SQUAWK..."



"... I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG IT WAS BEFORE I PASSED OUT, BUT I KNOW I DID BECAUSE WHEN I CAME TO, I WASN'T IN THE SAME PLACE..."



"... AND THE GUY WHO'D MOVED ME WAS LYIN' THERE IN FRONT OF ME--DEAD! THAT WAS THE LAST THING MARVIN EVER DID FOR ME! FROM WHERE HE'D PUT ME, HE KNEW I'D BE ABLE TO CRAWL BACK!"



Y'MEAN YOU DID IT--FER ME?

THAT'S WHAT BUDDIES ARE FOR! DON'T LOOK SO SURPRISED! YOU'LL DO THE SAME FOR ME SOME TIME...



"... AND THEN CAME THE TIME WHEN MARVIN AN' ME WERE ORDERED OUT ON RECONNAISSANCE. IT WAS 'PLENTY ROUGH GOIN' OUT, AN' WORSE TRYIN' TO GET BACK. THAT WAS WHEN I STOPPED ONE IN THE LEG..."



KEEP DOWN, BEN! I'LL FIGURE SOMETHIN' OUT! YOU JUST KEEP DOWN!!!

...AN' NOW HE KEEPS COMIN' BACK NIGHT AFTER NIGHT, WANTIN' TO SHAKE MY HAND! BUT I CAN'T TOUCH HIM... AN' HE WON'T GO AWAY!





HATED HIM? WHAT'RE YA TRYIN' TO PULL? MARVIN WAS MY **BUDDY!** HE SAVED MY LIFE!

WHY DON'T YOU LET GO OF ME AND LISTEN TO WHAT I'VE GOT TO SAY?



OKAY, TALK! AND TALK **FAST**—OR THIS'LL FIX WHAT YOU DO YER TALKIN' **WITH!**



THE ONLY REASON MARVIN KEEPS COMING BACK TO YOU IN YOUR DREAMS, BEN—IS BECAUSE YOU FEEL **GUILTY** ABOUT HIM!

GUILTY? WHY, YOU CRACK-BRAINED LITTLE SQUIRT! I DIDN'T **TELL** HIM TO SAVE MY LIFE! **DID I?** **DID I?**



YOU DIDN'T **TELL** HIM TO CLEAN YOUR RIFLE—OR ROLL YOUR PACK—OR ANY OF THE **OTHER** THINGS HE WAS ALWAYS DOING FOR YOU!

HE—HE SAID HE **WANTED** TO DO 'EM!..



SURE! AND HE MUST HAVE **WANTED** TO SAVE YOUR LIFE!

BUT, LOOK, BEN—BY THE TIME THAT HAPPENED, YOU WERE **LIKING** ALL THE THINGS MARVIN DID FOR YOU!



YOU'D EVEN BEGUN TO **EXPECT** THEM! AND DO YOU KNOW WHY YOU NEVER DID ANYTHING FOR MARVIN?

BECAUSE... BECAUSE...



BECAUSE YOU DIDN'T HAVE ANY **RESPECT** FOR HIM!

IT ISN'T **MARVIN** WHO'S COMING BACK EVERY NIGHT ASKING FOR IT...IT'S **YOU** WHO'S **BRINGING** HIM BACK, TRYING TO GIVE IT TO HIM!

MARVIN WANTED TO BE YOUR FRIEND... SO DO ALL OF US, BUT WE'LL NEVER HAVE **YOUR** FRIENDSHIP UNLESS THERE'S ANOTHER WAR— AND THEN WE'D HAVE TO DIE FOR YOU TO GET IT...

W-WHAT?



AND IF WE DIED, YOU'D HATE US LIKE YOU HATE MARVIN, BECAUSE YOU'D KEEP BRINGING **US** BACK, TOO!

NO, KID—**NO!** DON'T TALK LIKE THAT! **HELP** ME! TELL ME WHAT I OUGHTA **DO!**



YOU'VE GOT TO LIVE IN THE **PRESENT**, BEN! YOU'VE GOT TO FORGET THE PAST! SHAKE HANDS WITH YOUR FRIENDS HERE AND NOW— NOT WHEN IT'S TOO LATE AND YOU **CAN'T!**



WHERE DO YOU COME FROM, KID?

I DON'T THINK THAT MATTERS—IT'S WHERE WE'RE GOING THAT COUNTS!

WILL YOU SHAKE ON IT— HERE AND NOW?



AND LATE THAT NIGHT...

ALMOST DAWN AN' HE'S KNOCKIN' IT OFF LIKE A BLOOMIN' BABY! WHO FED 'IM TH' KNOCKOUT DROPS?

MAYBE CORBETT KNOWS, SARGE! HE WAS TALKIN' TO ROGERS FOR A LONG TIME!

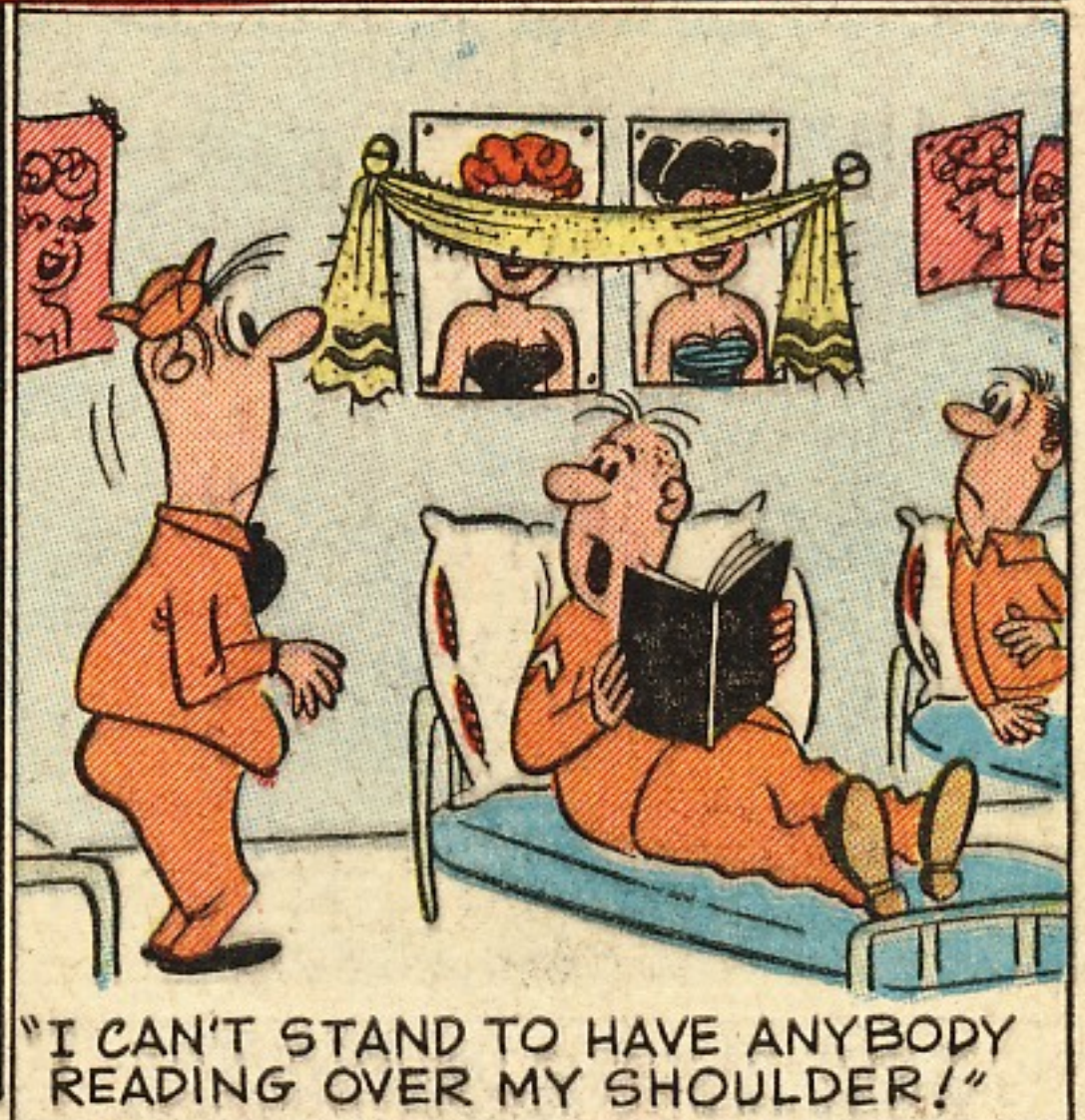
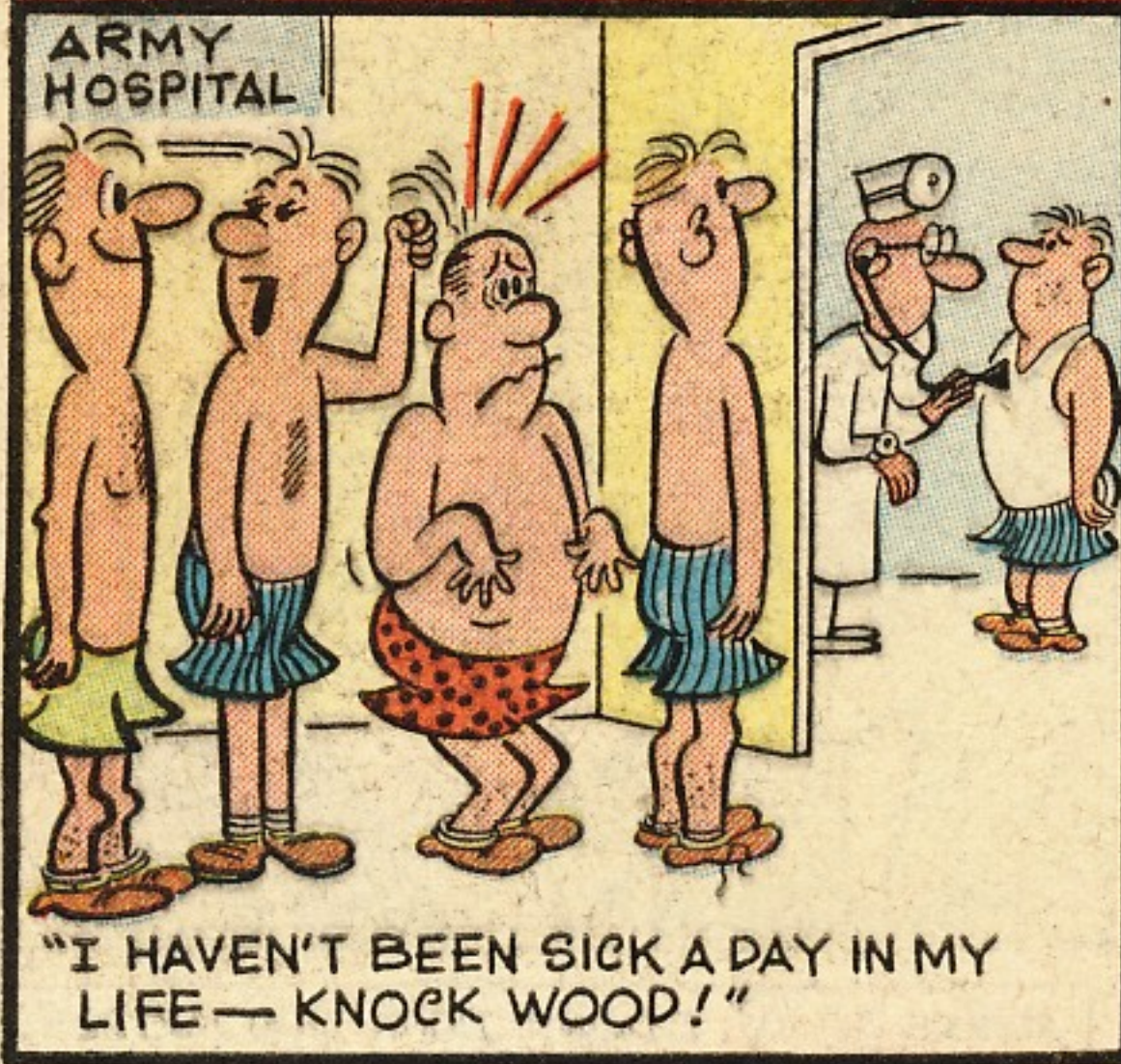
WHAT'D YA SAY, CORB—?

HE'S GONE! IT'S— IT'S AS IF HE WAS NEVER HERE...



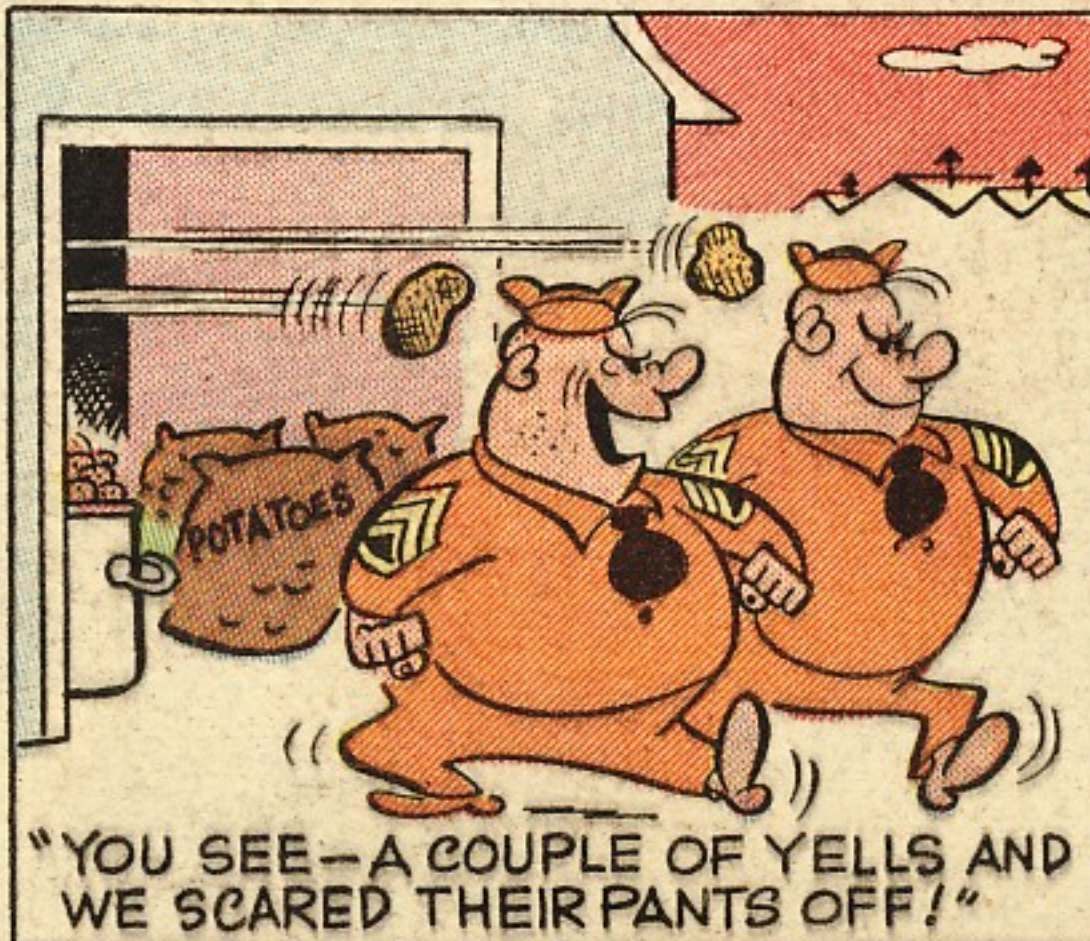
G. I. GAGS

VIC MARTIN



"I HAVEN'T BEEN SICK A DAY IN MY LIFE — KNOCK WOOD!"

"I CAN'T STAND TO HAVE ANYBODY READING OVER MY SHOULDER!"



"YOU SEE — A COUPLE OF YELLS AND WE SCARED THEIR PANTS OFF!"

"HEY! WE'RE AMERICAN SOLDIERS! WHY DO YOU TREAT US LIKE ENEMIES?"

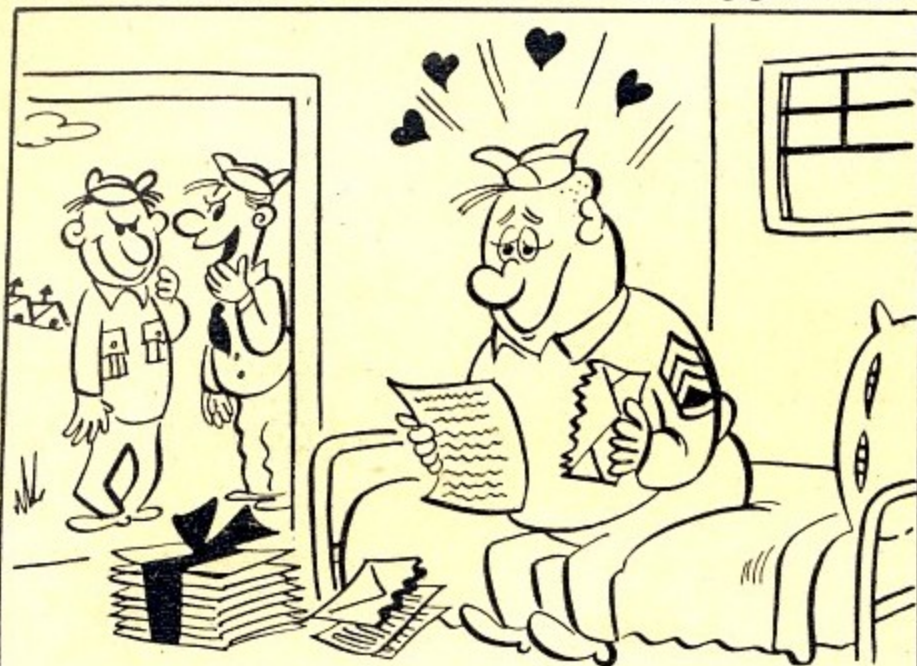


"EVERY HOUR THEY TAKE A 5 MINUTE BREAK TO DO SOME WORK!"

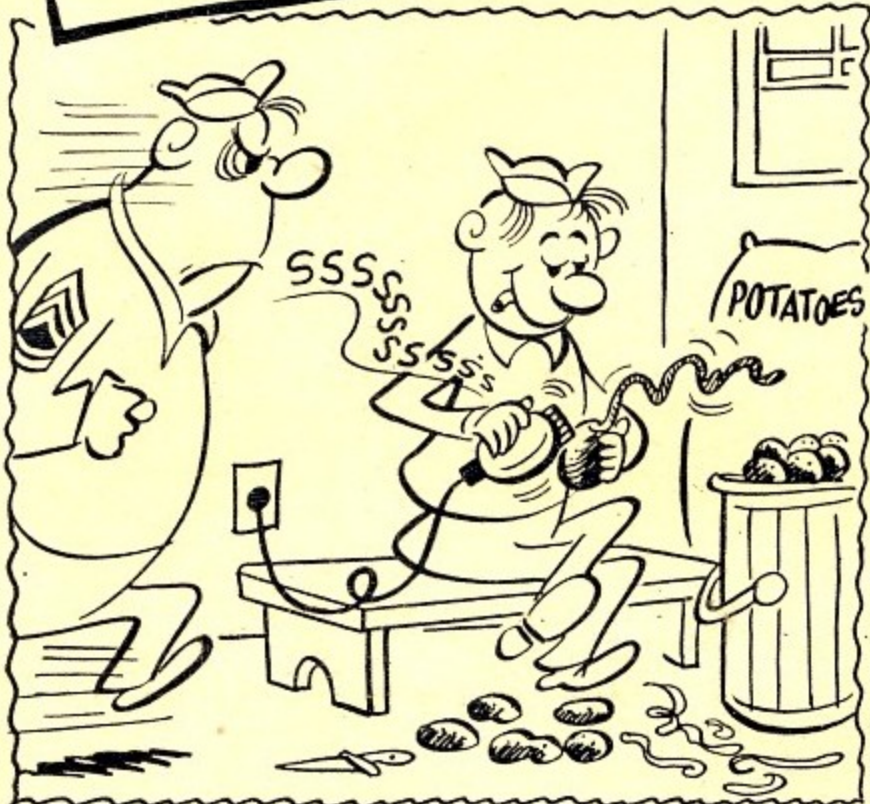
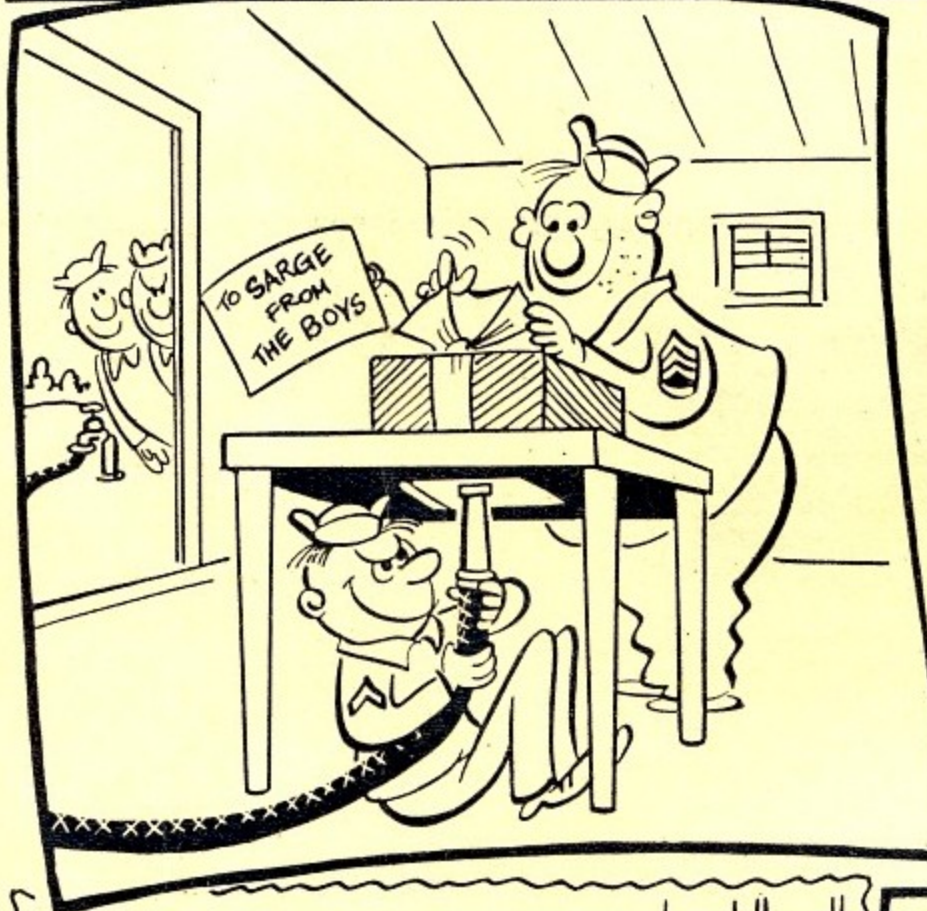
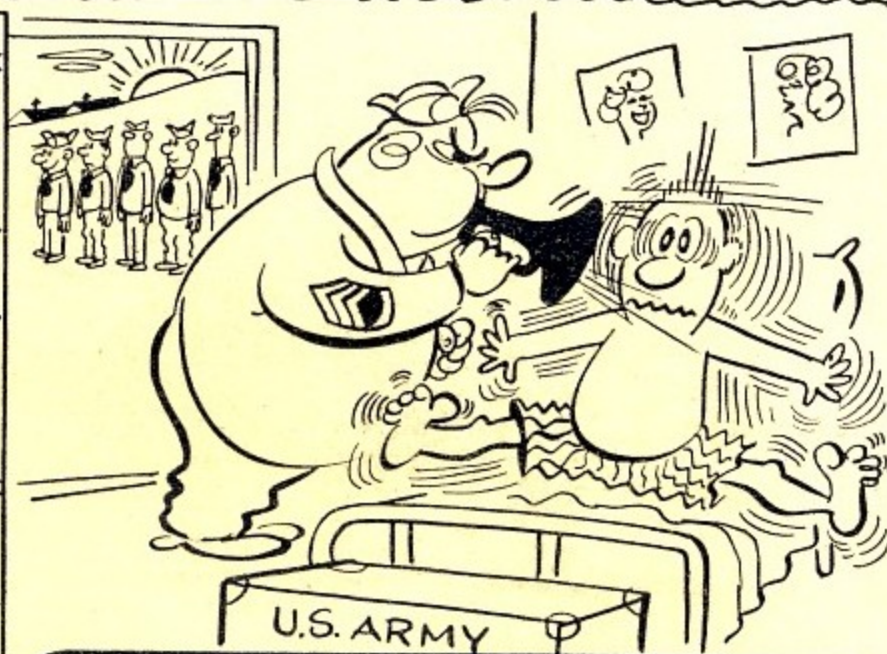
"HAVE YOU SOMETHING THAT SMELLS LIKE CHOW?"

KHAKI KAPERS

Vic
MARTIN



"HE DOESN'T KNOW THAT SNODGRASS HAS BEEN WRITING ALL THOSE LETTERS TO HIM!"



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